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THE AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE."

AMONG very pleasant English recollections of a year ago comes an evening spent at the house of a writer as well known on this side of the water as in his own land.

It was a reception given late in the season, but the hospitable drawing-rooms were filled. The host and hostess entertained with that charming ease and pleasant cordiality which is so notably English, and, if unlike our hearty American warmth, answers the purpose equally well.

It afforded us a curious pleasure to watch the arrivals, and note the announcements. There were many faces to be remembered, many names whose familiar power deepened when we stood face to face with their owners. Presently through the crowd came a young man of twenty-eight or thirty—slightly built, with earnest eyes and a long brown mustache. There was nothing of the conventional literary man in his appearance. His dress was a faultless evening attire. He wore the fresh *boutonnrière* so indispensable from ten o'clock on Piccadilly to midnight in a Hyde-Park drawing-room. He carried himself with a careless ease which had in it neither affectation nor consciousness that a hundred eyes were watching him, that many

voices had said half audibly, "There is the author of 'A Princess of Thule.'"

To us, at that time, he seemed simply the man whose genius had wrought *Coquette*, the gentle-hearted daughter of Heth; and

His eyes brightened with a keen intelligence, and the deepening lines about his mouth gave a suggestion of reserve force.

Mr. Black is a charming conversationalist. He is extremely modest about his literary

successes, but is willing to gratify one's curiosity about the whys and wherefores of some of his stories in the most agreeable way. I remember when some one, with true Yankee inquisitiveness, said, "O Mr. Black, why did *Coquette* die?" he answered with a mixture of modesty and goodwill, pleasant to recall: "Why, you see, I didn't want to make her die—but I had to do it. If she had lived, the reader would not have remembered her six hours after he had closed the book!"

Although of so young a writer there is little biographically to record, there are many whose interest in the "*Princess of Thule*" extends to its author. Perhaps no writer of the present day can lay claim to a success like his. He has given us novels not only of decided merit and originality,

noting his youthful appearance, his quiet, unobservant manner, we looked vainly for outward indications of his peculiar power. Presently, however, when engaged in conversation, there came a new light into his face.

but of a refinement in tone, purity in narrative and style, which alone would recommend them. But Mr. Black has done more. His creations of character have been of a kind which places him far above the level of ordinary novelists.



WILLIAM BLACK.

There is a charm about them almost impossible to define, an originality which gives them a place in literature peculiarly their own.

WILLIAM BLACK is a native of Glasgow, Scotland, and the son of a legal gentleman. That his early influences must have been of a kind permanently good we have every evidence in his literary and social career. From his memories of his father, who died many years ago, he drew the character of *Mr. Caillie* in "The Daughter of Heth," and his boyish associations are wrought in every chapter of the book. His widowed mother has been to him a precious and honored charge. It is easy to imagine how the plaudits of the world, reaching her heart, must gratify and strengthen the pride she naturally shows in her son.

Mr. Black's first appearance in literature was as a journalist. He joined the staff of the *Morning Star*, which was the organ of the then ultra-liberal party.* His contributions, as editor showed considerable ability, but he would doubtless have lived unknown had he depended upon the profession of journalism for fame or development of his peculiar powers. His interest in politics is perhaps above that of the ordinary Englishman. His style is critical, but lacking in the terseness—the sharp vigor necessary for a writer upon vexed questions of the day. Mr. Black can draw a *Sheila* with a delicacy which is almost unrivaled, but the agitations of the nation are not set forth with equal power by his pen.

On the demise of the *Star*, Mr. Black joined the corps of writers devoted to the *Daily News*. He contributed for some time to that journal, and has now become its sub-editor. Here he has, in a way, distinguished himself by editorials on various local events, written in a style hard to define, even by comparison. If we brought a comparison home, however, we might discover in it a resemblance to some of the racy contributions of John Hay, in the *New-York Tribune*. There is in every thing touched by Mr. Black's pen a freshness—a bright, breezy tone, that is like a breath from his own hills and sea-coast—that Scottish country, made so familiar to our eyes by the wonderful pictures of his pen.

Mr. Black married, soon after his twentieth year, a German lady, an artist, to whose influence we may ascribe some of his artistic thought and feeling.† He was scarcely four-and-twenty when death deprived him of his wife and child. It was during the seclusion of his widowhood that he published "Kilmeny," and wrote three other novels.

"Love or Marriage," "In Silk Attire," and "The Monarch of Mincing Lane," followed each other in rapid succession. These works showed merely the germs of that genius which was brought forth later in "The Daughter of Heth." Into this book Mr. Black threw all the artistic feeling, the abandonment of his nature. All that was poetical within him went forth in the descriptions of his Scottish hills

and dales. There is a magic in the style, a beauty in the narrative, which comes only when the pen is guided, not alone by genius, but by the heart. Coquette, a purely fanciful creation, is like a living being. We have heard that she is his favorite heroine. Her charm is different from Sheila's, but where she lacks the dignity of the latter, there is something more lovable in her nature.

"The Daughter of Heth" placed Mr. Black at once on a level with the great novelists of the day; but he had only touched the slumbering popularity which was later to be his.

The public awaited a second trial, and he made it in "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton." Here, again, Mr. Black did well, because of his familiarity with what he wrote, and his intense love of Nature. The journey described in the book was taken by himself—under slightly altered circumstances. He was accompanied by a young English poet, who doubtless proved a congenial companion on a journey through the "fairest land in summer-time." The land was seen by a true lover of Nature and art. Those who know the smiling English country, the beauty of its summer season, the wonders of its blossoming, will feel that in no way has he exaggerated.

Soon after the story of the journey came "A Princess of Thule."

A year ago every one in England was discussing it. It appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and met with applause during its progress. In America it was seized with avidity, both by press and people.

It is said that Mr. Black, like almost all celebrated novelists, looks with great contempt upon his earliest productions. When we consider that his first novel was written in his twenty-first year, and that he has reached fame when scarcely over thirty, his progress must have been the rapid one which only genius gives. "Kilmeny" and "Love or Marriage," though infinitely inferior to "The Daughter of Heth," gave rich promise for the future. We are inclined to believe that in those earlier days Mr. Black had not discovered his proper vein. He wrote his books with interest, but not with the spirit which lends to the stories of Coquette and Sheila that ineffable grace which shows the artist and the inborn poet.

Reviewing all his works, it is interesting to note how here and there in the first come touches of the later development which is almost magical. Now and then in some little phrase or fancy, as if its writer were scarcely conscious of his own meaning, certainly not of his peculiar power, we see the germ of that rich growth of poetry in the last three novels. The early style is faulty; the narrative often weak; the combinations inartistic; but the genius is never lacking. It is in its youth in "Kilmeny." There is deeper promise in "In Silk Attire." Dore Annerly in the latter is depicted with somewhat of the beauty later shown in Coquette. In "The Monarch of Mincing Lane," Lillian and Mary Thormanby are shadows, with here and there a ray which is to be future brilliancy. Will it seem presumptuous if we say that in "A Princess of

Thule" Mr. Black's genius has reached its highest stage of development? There are crudities even here to be corrected. Some of his earliest faults cling to the style and mar its beauty, but we are inclined to the opinion that in Sheila he has done the finest work possible to his pen.

Mr. Black's fancy is prolific, born of his intense love of Nature and her representative, Art. He idealizes the commonplace, but with no exaggeration. His sentiment is always refined; his appreciation always delicate. There is, however, an occasional sacrifice of the graphic in delineation to the imaginative beauty with which he vests a scene or character.

In "A Princess of Thule," for example, we have a picture of Sheila's island-home beautifully drawn in the opening chapters. Borra, Stornoway, the island and the sea, the hills and the many lakes upon the shore, are presented to us in touches pre-Raphaelite in their delicacy, glowing with color and with life; but it is only on a second or third reading that the scene lies fairly before us. Its beauty is intensified by this necessity of analysis. The last impression of perfection lingers the longer; Borra, coming to us from the mists and poetic shadows of his pen, grows a thing more of reality from the very slowness of approach. The first impression given is of the romantic, idealized home of Ingram's princess. Later it becomes a land of reality, and, as such, never departs from the reader's recollection.

It will be seen, however, that this takes away from the individuality the sense of realness with which we, having learned to know and love her, would fain vest Sheila. The foreground and perspective in which a living, breathing being, Sheila, stands, should be done in more graphic strokes, letting the lights and shadows play about her as softly as they will.

Again, in elaborating the characters of Sheila, her husband, and her father, Mr. Black has fallen into an error of his earlier works. Minor characters are brought before you at first full of life and promise; but, as the narrative proceeds, the one or two creations absorb the rest. Mrs. Lorraine, for example, gives a mysterious promise of something. The mystery is unsolved; the promise unfulfilled. There is an uncomfortable sense of her having been brought forward to play an important part; and before the curtain falls a supernumerary is introduced to fill the character. Mrs. Lavender, the aunt, is also neglected for Sheila and her close surroundings, while Ingram shows magnificent possibilities which it would be easy for a genius like Mr. Black's to develop.

But it is an easy matter to look above and beyond the few errors of Mr. Black's style and narrative. Having touched upon the slight weaknesses, we come easily to the strength, the grace, the wonderful charm, which have placed him in so lofty a position; if not upon the philosophical plane of George Eliot, upon one nearer the reach of general popularity and favor.

In originality he has assuredly assumed a first place. His last book has given him a fame peculiarly his own, nobler than that of

* This journal was conducted by Mr. Justin McCarthy, and warmly supported American interests. Mr. Black's sympathies are strongly with this country.

† Mr. Black has recently married a second time—a young Scotch lady. They reside at Denmark Hill, near London.

many more experienced writers, since his standard is a lofty, moral one; purer and sweeter in that human nature is to him a study of the heart, whose slightest pulsation is felt and keenly sympathized with, and more fascinating from its thorough freedom from conventionality and its fresh poetic lustre.

Mr. Black began his career as a novelist in a groove. He wrote books as other men had written them, though he could not keep from his pages touches of his peculiar style. But his new path is widely different. While he can give us a Princess Sheila; while he can throw over the islands of the Hebrides a glamour unutterable as it is lasting; while he can mingle the German element of poetry and imagination with the vigor of the Anglo-Saxon, we can ask no more.

L. C. W.

A FOOL'S MUSTACHE.

MR. TYRWITT, a venerable, wealthy, and somewhat eccentric gentleman, sits in his parlor in a large hotel in an inland summer resort.

The windows are open, and through the closed shades there steals a soft breeze, laden with the scents of innumerable flowers, and with the songs of countless birds.

The furniture of the room is rich, for it belongs to the occupant. On his left is a mantel, supporting an ormolu clock, the pendulum of which is formed of a Cupid swinging in a golden chain. On one side of the clock is a beautiful copy of Bodet's "Simplicité," and on the other an equally beautiful copy of his "Duplicité." Mr. Tyrwitt, clad in white linen, has written a letter, which he now reads aloud, as if in search of passages to correct:

"MY DEAR BROTHER: It probably will not trouble you to recall to your mind my ward, the child of poor Theodora.

"In case, however, the great stress of your business affairs has driven her out of your memory, I am sure that I have only to say that she is the 'Miss Mad' of my many bewailing letters to you.

"She has been noted for the eccentricity of her humor. The first of her antics was to pull your whiskers as you kindly held her at her christening. The last of her antics (or, at least, the last she had performed, to my knowledge, up to eleven o'clock last night) I am about to describe.

"You recollect her precocity. At seven, she led the German at the party given in honor of the birth of your own Clarence, on its second anniversary. At fourteen, she had a suitor (Cormiohart, who loved her because she sang the 'Three Fishers' in four languages). At fifteen, she engaged herself to be married to every member of the class of graduating engineers at West Point, and a year later was accustomed to exhibit to those who asked for her hand (and they were many) a too formidable list of horses, carriages, harness, journeys, and articles of apparel, that she should demand in exchange for it.

"At this age she had flaxen hair, and

was vivacious and joyous beyond description.

"At her present age she is charming. She has frolicked her way through the world, and there is hardly a pleasure that she has not enjoyed to the full. At her silly feet there at this moment lie prostrate lawyers, clergymen, and laymen of all sorts. She has rejected a prodigious number of very excellent opportunities to marry, and she has trifled with the affections of many estimable men.

"All this, my dear Frederick, is but a preface to the overwhelming announcement that, as a friend and associate guardian, I am bound to make.

"This gay butterfly has soared for the last time.

"I have said that, in her first antic, she pulled your hair; her last will make you pull it yourself.

"She has engaged herself to marry a fool! There is such a thing as a fool; and, again, such a thing as a foolish fool. This man, whose name is Randige, is an absurd fool.

"But, I hear you exclaim, 'why are you frightened? Is not this the same act, with only a different Paul?'

"The fact that I write a letter to you about the matter, should assure you that it is not.

"The feature which makes this case exceptional is—love.

"I am positive that she loves the fool (pardon me for using this aggressive word so freely; if I could not write it, I should be obliged to exclaim it, and the walls are very thin).

"This Randige is the youngest of a troop of reprobates let loose upon the world in consequence of the union of a rich scapegrace to a burlesque actress. He has his mother's soft eyes and his father's soft brain.

"My ward, it is hardly necessary to say, has been brought to earth by the first.

"Of course, I am endeavoring, with all my might, to break up this outrageous attachment, and I have sent to the city for information respecting the antecedents of my enemy. I expect answers to my letters this morning.

"Young Curtis is in town, and he has promised to bring my mail from the post-office at eleven. It now lacks ten minutes of that hour.

"I will write to-morrow to say how matters then stand. If you have any remedy to propose, telegraph me here.

"I suppose that I should warn you that I am likely to come out with dragged plume in my coming contest with Miss Mad.

"Your affectionate brother,

"LUCIUS."

"That last is a fine admission for a veteran to make," sighs the septuagenary, "but, alas! my wit has degenerated into calculation, and who ever outdid lovers with profundity?"

Young Curtis, in approaching the hotel, passes through a grove of pines, in which are many seats occupied by smokers and loungers. It is cool and shady, yet the sunlight here and there breaks through the canopy of green,

and brilliantly illuminates the huge and ragged trunks and the spine-sown ground.

One of these loungers, a man of twenty-five, with dark eyes, brown complexion, and strong neck, steps out to meet the new-comer; he is clad in a white flannel.

"Curtis! Curtis! Good-morning, Curtis."

"Sir!"

"Good-morning, I said."

"Good-morning."

"Your hand, Curtis."

"What for?"

"You congratulate me?"

"I don't know that."

"Oh, you're safe enough. I've married Miss Praed."

"What?"

"I've married Miss Praed."

Curtis exhibits the utmost consternation.

"Married Miss Praed!—you have? The angels defend her! But what do you mean?—married her! She took away people's breath when she admitted that she even danced with you. Married her!"

Randige's body becomes convulsed with a noiseless laugh, and he contemplates Curtis with mingled triumph and amusement. He finally gasps his way back to a calmer mood, and he dries his eyes with a perfumed handkerchief.

"For Heaven's sake, Randige, tell me how this was brought about!"

"Oh, by the law; by promises, protestations, vows—"

"Nonsense!—Where? when?"

"In the village, in the musty office of a justice of the peace. If you like, I'll show you the spot where she stood. A rusty stove was the altar; torn envelopes took the place of flowers in our path; a few gaddies gave us the music, and for the marriage-bell there was a chandelier with blue tissue-paper."

"This is infamous!—When was it done?"

Randige looks at his watch.

"An hour and a half ago, my dear friend."

"But she was insane! she was mad! she was asleep! she was—"

"On the contrary, she was brighter and more delightful than usual. You should have heard her respond to the interrogatories! She pretended to lisp, and, when she was asked if she would take me, Amsden, to be her wedded husband, instead of saying 'I will,' she laughed, and said 'Yeth!'"

"Sir, she has married a scoundrel!"

Randige sighs.

"Ah, yes, that's the only bad thing there is about it."

Curtis glares at him, for some seconds, speechless with rage.

"What can she have found in you to respect?"

"That is what puzzles me."

"You have the appearance of a gentle and harmless fop. You have a sweet voice, and you simper and ogle like a girl; and yet you are as wretched a profligate as there is in the State. Why, in the name of compassion, did not Nature deform you, or make you ugly, for the protection of such innocents as Miss Praed? I—I—damn it!—I'd like to strangle you!"

"Soft, Curtis, soft."

"How many people know of what has happened?"

"None but the happy pair, the justice, and yourself, and possibly the fellow that stood as witness. He was the drudge of the building, and his head seemed to be full of dust. I don't think he understood.—My cigar has gone out; may I trouble you for a light?"

"Randidge, you have outdone yourself! You have been noted, for some years, for your depravity; but you now are really great. You have, with one clandestine act, robbed a woman of her chances of happiness, thrown a whole family into a tumult, secured a large fortune to squander, and have yet remained alive to tell the tale. *Vive le diable!*"

Randidge laughs.

"Then you congratulate me, don't you?"

"Keep your hand out of the way! Put it in your pocket—behind your back—anywhere! If you tempt me into touching you, I shall give you your quietus!"

"You are beginning to look fierce, dear boy. Upon my word, I think I'll go; I—oh, you are going yourself, are you? Well, by-by. You can tell this at headquarters, if you like. It will make smoother sailing for me. Don't go into the presence of ladies with that look, I beg of you! You'd forestall the terrors of Satan. By-by!"

Randidge, full of glee, waves his hand, and then, contented, sits down and strokes his mustache.

Curtis enters the hotel with haste. In passing the door of the parlor he sees Madam Randidge (*née* Praed) standing within, attired in a riding-habit. She is freshly adjusting her hat. He approaches her. She turns her beaming face toward him, and whispers, with upraised finger: "Dick—ah-h-h-h—I'm married!"

"I know it. Your husband told me that you were."

"I think you must have been astonished."

"A little surprised, perhaps."

"But, O Dick, such a presence! such a tender manner! such a way of whispering in one's ear!"

"Ah!"

"And his mustache!"

"Yes, his mustache; I remember."

"It is not like yours, rolled up tight like two black cocoons; but it has an Eastern sweep, a droop, a thick, silken—"

Curtis grows restless.

"Oh, you are jealous! Poor boy! But his eyes! Ah, Dick, no woman could have resisted his eyes. They change from grave to gay in a breath. Now they laugh, and now they sigh; now they are sad, and now—don't you know they that Guido had four hundred ways of turning up his eyes?"

"His own eyes, or those in his pictures?"

"I—I don't know about that; I have read it somewhere in some book or other; but my husband has at least eight hundred ways of turning up his."

"Indeed!"

"And each way is so charming! Had he been a monster with claws and horns, I should have loved him."

"Oh, mad, mad!"

"Oh, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness! I'm laughing at you."

"But you are sure that you are thoroughly devoted to your—to Randidge?"

"Passionately!"

"That is, to his eyes and mus—"

"No—YES!"

"Let us see" (slowly). "You will probably be his wife when you come to be twenty-five years of age; and also when you come to be thirty, and forty, and fifty, and sixty, and seventy. One's appearance undergoes certain changes in—"

The young lady's head rises at these hints, and her lips part. Her eyes dilate a little, and she taps the end of her whip in the palm of her hand.

There is an instant of silence. It is succeeded by the sound of footsteps. Randidge appears in the door-way. Both involuntarily scrutinize him.

Curtis admits to himself that he is handsome.

The wife, conscious that he must be thus impressed, and feeling herself a fresh emotion of pleasure, suddenly runs to her husband with outstretched hands, and, with a burst of jollity, they disappear together.

"But your uncle!" cries Curtis, with something like desperation.

He receives no answer. He is left alone.

"It appears," he says to himself, reflectively, "that I have been made the king-pin in this matter. No one seems to have felt the strain of it thus far but myself. I wonder if I shall have sufficient courage to place the burden where it belongs?" He looks at the letters in his hand, and then shakes his head. "I doubt it. He is a wonderfully original old gentleman, and he might fancy that I, in place of Randidge, was the man to be throttled. One must avoid precipitating error. I'll hold my tongue.—Poor Miss Mad!"

Curtis enters the parlor of Mr. Tyrwitt. The eyes of the host rest with pleasure upon the fine face and erect figure of the young man. He greets him with great cordiality.

But, upon seeing the letters which are brought, his thoughts at once revert to the affairs of his ward.

He sighs deeply. He examines the mail-matter.

"Ah, ah! Here is evidence against our foe. Sit down, boy, and we will condemn him together. Have you seen Miss Mad this morning?"

"Yes, sir, but for a moment only."

"And the—the knave—have you seen the knave?"

"In passing merely."

"I suppose he announced his triumph to you? I suppose he told you of his engagement?"

"Engagement! y—yes, sir. He—at least he—"

"I understand. The rascal!"

"The scamp!"

Mr. Tyrwitt tears the envelopes from the letters, and he places three of them aside. He glances at those that remain, and then, with knitted brow, carefully peruses the others.

Curtis watches him with attention.

Great delight begins to take possession

of him. He smiles, and his eyes grow limpid. Now and then he strikes the arm of his chair a blow. He is overjoyed. He waves the first letter aloft.

"This is glorious! This proves him to be a miscreant of the first water. It is from a club-man. He says—let me see—where is it? Ah, yes: 'Randidge is universally detested for the spirit of unfairness which enters into all his contracts and obligations. He jockeys all the races that he can control; creeps out of his lost wagers if he can; presumes on every rule of the house; carries an evil tongue; never sticks at a post-obit when hard pushed; and, to indicate the character of his instincts in a single phrase, I will merely say that, in winter, he stands with his legs apart before the fire.' What do you think of that? We have him on the hip, my dear Curtis. Miss Mad, with all her madness, is a gentlemanly girl. She'd resent each and all of those faults, eh?"

Curtis looks distressed.

"Perhaps all that, sir, is only an enemy's method of saying that Randidge is an independent and self-asserting man."

"Curtis! Do my ears deceive me? Is it possible that—that—are you in the scheme to foist a villain on an honorable family?"

"I am sure, sir, you can answer that question as well as I."

There is a pause, in which the anger of the old gentleman cools by degrees.

"True, true, Curtis. I beg your pardon. But listen to this. Here is a letter that will convince you. It is from my nephew, who is in the same regiment of militia with this miscreant. He says: 'Randidge is fined for absence, impudence, and neglect of duty, more than any man in the corps. He once came near marrying a little dancer at one of the theatres, but her father, fortunately, stepped in in time and prevented the disgrace. He is constantly being sued by somebody, and his habits are worse than his credit. He is a pretty black jackdaw, and a very little shake will make his extra feathers drop out. Take my word for it, a young man's opinion of another young man is worth considering.' Well, sir, what do you think of that? Is that the language of an enemy, eh?"

"Perhaps not, sir; but, pardon me, is not your nephew in Company C?"

"I believe so. Yes, he is. But what of that, pray?"

"And is not Randidge in Company D?"

"So this letter states in another place."

"Ah!" (reflectively).

"Well!"

"It is often the case that the hate of Company C for Company D, and of Company A for Company B, and so on, is past human comprehension. The struggles of the Montagues and the Capulets were nothing to the regimental squabbles of our militia. Therefore—"

"I'll not listen to a word of it. It is preposterous, Curtis! Just hear this other letter. You aggravate me with your objections to the bad reputation of this man. I think you should enter more heartily into his destruction, I do, indeed, sir!" (He rattles the letter for some seconds, and appears to be very indignant, but he finally begins to

speak once more.) "This letter is from a private inquiry-office. It says: 'Know the party well. Was locked up last New-Year's eve for overturning ash-barrels on Fourteenth Street. Visits gambling-houses in Fifteenth Street frequently. Carries a card in his vest-pocket which comes in use when the policemen find him in the street drunk and disorderly. It says: "Carry me to the Coachmans' House in rear of No. — Avenue. Ring the bell, and when the man comes he will give you five dollars. Don't report the case at station-house." Has been horse-whipped three times, and is now sought for,' and so on, and so on."

Curtis, overwhelmed with the violence of his emotions, says nothing.

"This is the man, my friend, that my niece has fallen in love with—a wretch without a peer; a cheat, a clown, a heartless relation, a shirker of duty, a swindler, a brawler, a gambler, a drunkard, as is distinctly proved, point by point, by these true affidavits. Besides all this, there is an entire set of bad qualities, that he possesses, that have not yet been described." (The old gentleman rises from his chair and paces backward and forward with great excitement.) "These are the various kinds of duplicity that he practises with success. The principal of these is his manner. His face is apparently as simple as a child's. He has not been vicious long enough to weaken any of his features that are to be seen, or to drive the blood out of his flesh. He looks ingenious, frank, and even manly. Now, here is an apparent contradiction. But the contradiction does not exist. It cannot. There must be somewhere in his face clear proofs of the character of his abominable spirit. A man cannot live to be twenty-four or five and disguise the soul of a devil with the visage of an angel." (Curtis becomes alarmed.) "Still, in Randidge's face, where are we to find the proofs that we are sure exist, and which, if displayed, would deprive him of the confidence even of dogs? In his eyes? Certainly not. They are soft, luminous, and tender. If not in his eyes, where? Certainly not in his forehead, or his temples, or his nostrils, or his chin. Answer me, where?"

The old gentleman, now radiant with a fresh idea, hovers over Curtis, and in a moment begins to laugh with great glee.

Curtis suspects what is about to be said, and he trembles. He shakes his head.

"This is what I am going to do immediately," cries the other. He stoops down, and, placing one hand upon the young man's shoulder, whispers for a moment in his ear. Curtis starts up with the greatest alarm.

"I beg that you will not do that, sir! I protest! I implore you!"

"What—what—what!"

"It will be nothing less than a gross outrage, sir! It will be a breach of the law!"

"How dare you, sir!—and what do I care for politeness and law when I preserve my niece from an inhuman deceiver?"

"It will not preserve her! She will be plunged into tenfold misery. I must do my best to prevent you."

"Prevent me? Prevent me, sir?"

"Yes, prevent you! I must do even that."

You do not understand the length to which your fancy is carrying you. Should you do as you propose, you will not only fail to rectify the wrong that exists, but you will precipitate a thousand new torments upon the two mistaken people and upon your—"

"Curtis!—Curtis! this is intolerable! What! interference, advice, and threats from you? Curtis, I beg that you will at once retire, and remain absent until one of us has need of the other."

The indignant gentleman points toward the door, and Curtis, glad to escape, crosses the room in haste and passes out into the hall, and goes speedily away.

He at once hurries to his room to write three letters to Randidge, warning him to avoid Mr. Tyrwitt at any cost for the present. One of these he intends sending to Randidge's apartments, another to the office of the hotel, and another he designs shall be intrusted to a servant, who will be instructed to watch for the endangered man on his return from the ride, upon which he (Curtis) proposes him to have gone.

Meanwhile, Mr. Tyrwitt was, with the aid of his valet, made certain propositions, and has sent a hall-porter to request Randidge, when found, to do him the favor of visiting him in his parlor.

Randidge, who is still smoking in the pines (having seated his wife in her saddle and started her off alone with her groom for a canter, to allay suspicion concerning their intimacy among the people thereabout), is found by Mr. Tyrwitt's messenger. He listens to the respectful request with much doubt and curiosity. He hesitates, recedes, but finally accepts, and ascends, not a little perturbed, in spite of his usual hardihood, to the apartment of the gentleman with whom he is at issue. The servant knocks, and is bidden to enter.

Mr. Tyrwitt rises from his seat and, upon seeing Randidge, summons him with a pleasant manner to enter.

In a moment they are alone. The door closes. The valet has stepped into the adjoining room. Mr. Tyrwitt points to a chair, and, after Randidge has seated himself, he approaches the main subject he apparently has in mind at once.

"It seems, Mr. Randidge, that you have done my family the honor to ask for Miss Praed's hand in marriage."

"Ah," reflects Randidge, "he is yet in the dark about the case." He replies, smoothly:

"Miss Praed has done me the honor to accept my addresses, sir. She is one that must be loved quickly and without delay, and that accounts for my neglect to ask your permission to become her suitor until now." Aside: "Will he swallow that?"

"Perhaps you are quite right," returns Mr. Tyrwitt, with charming complacency. "Young hearts seize true happiness much oftener than old heads are able to arrange it for them." Aside: "The impudent scamp!"

From this point they go on with admirable facility.

The host gradually becomes more affable and gracious, and Randidge more delighted and familiar.

Now and then they laugh together, and they frequently nod and smile responsively, as their chat flows.

Their conversation turns upon the duties and obligations of married life.

Randidge does not see how a leopard can change his spots or a man his habits.

Mr. Tyrwitt assents to this entirely, and with urbanity.

In the course of succeeding conversation, Randidge expresses himself adverse to children, in favor of hotel-life, and of the throwing of the properties of the husband and wife into a "sort of pool, you know."

These propositions tally exactly with the preconceived notions of Mr. Tyrwitt, and he rises to ring for claret-cup, and Randidge throws a leg over the arm of his chair.

"Hate settlements," pursues he; "it looks mean all around. Breeds distrust. Seems as though everybody's honesty was doubted. Yes, hate settlements in any form, hate 'em!"

This, also, meets with Mr. Tyrwitt's strong approval, and he and Randidge glance at each other with every evidence of warm regard.

The claret-cup is brought in.

It is contained in a tall glass jug, through whose transparent sides the agreeable compound of ice, fruit, sugar, and wine, exhibits itself most temptingly. Randidge involuntarily sits up, moistens his lips, and fixes his eyes thirstily upon the liquor.

"Animal!" exclaims the host, inwardly. "He shall have enough!"

He pours out two glasses behind Randidge's chair, and into the one intended for his guest he stirs twenty grains of bromide of potassium.

This is a sleeping-potion, quick of action, and entirely harmless.

He explains to his guest that the great age of the wine may have produced in it a certain tartness which he (Randidge) will, as a connoisseur, no doubt accept as a proof of its excellent quality. Randidge, in the true manner of his kind, empties his glass at a draught, while Mr. Tyrwitt, standing erect and watchful close by, merely sips at his.

Randidge fills again and is happy; Mr. Tyrwitt follows him.

The old gentleman moves his chair closer, and begins to charm Randidge with the graces of his talk. The victim finds himself happy. He opens what there is of his heart, and his pliable tongue trips along with ecstasy. In an hour it becomes incoherent, and his eyelids droop. He dimly sees his new friend benign, smiling, and still gesticulating before him.

His head nods in spite of himself, his arms drop by his side, and he sinks heavily in his chair. His ears are filled with the mellifluous laughter of his conqueror, and he smiles a flickering smile in response, and then is lost.

Mr. Tyrwitt cautiously rises and proceeds to the door of the next department, and beckons to his man, who enters, bringing a pair of razors and a set of shaving utensils.

Together they bolster up Randidge's head with pillows, and the servant at once proposes to cut the offending hair from his lip.

Meanwhile Mr. Tyrwitt paces up and down with a most triumphant look.

"Ah, you wretched sham, you shall be exposed! Tom Moore's Unveiled Prophet did not present a worse spectacle than we shall look upon in another moment. It is said that Sheridan had the brow of a god, but the mouth of a satyr. You will be found to resemble Sheridan, except that you have the head of an ass. So you want the money pooled, eh? You dislike 'brats,' do you? You are skilled in the taste of brandies, and have no use for 'love and that sort of thing.' And yet with so sweet an eye, so tender a voice, and so winning a manner! But let us get at your mouth, my friend. Only permit us to take away that silly screen that covers the only tell-tale that can warn the unsuspecting. Then I will bring my niece. She will stare, purse up her lips, turn her shoulder. Then I shall have saved her. Let me wheel you to the light, so. Good! I hope that Eugene will not cut you."

The barber undertakes the work with great care.

Randidge's mustache disappears by degrees under his hands.

The delighted Machiavelli becomes more and more excited as the experiment proceeds.

He cries:

"Admirable! It is better than I thought. It is shocking! wretched!"

Randidge's face gradually becomes transformed. His mouth is truly a repelling one.

As the valet finally rises from his work the old gentleman hastens to the door and bids a servant to search for his niece, and to request her to call upon him at once.

He dismisses Eugene, reminding him that absolute secrecy will be expected of him.

Ten minutes pass.

Randidge still sleeps. His antagonist walks up and down, now and then turning upon his captive a look of triumph.

At the end of that time Randidge begins to recover his senses. He yawns and gathers his limbs together, and opens his eyes. He is bewildered. He stares about him with sober perplexity.

His gaze settles upon Mr. Tyrwitt. Why does he laugh? Why does he shake his head? Why does he rest his chin upon his hand, and fix his eyes in so curious a manner?

He starts and sits erect. His eyes become large. He suddenly raises his hand to his lip.

His treasure has been filched.

A fresh burst of hilarity comes from the mouth of his tormentor, who contemplates him from a short distance.

Randidge bounds to his feet.

At this instant the niece enters the room.

Mr. Tyrwitt calls to her in a voice broken with rapid breathing.

"Look at him, Mad! Behold the shorn Samson! Feast your eyes upon the wretch whose only strength and protection was a half-handful of hair!"

The startled new-comer, with pale face and a half-bewildered air, gazes from one to the other in silence.

Randidge, white with rage, endeavors to speak, but his venerable foe overrides him, and, standing where he can easily see him and the trembling girl, he cries:

"Now, Mad, now you can see what a racial the mustache has hidden. Examine that mouth, with its round corners, thin lips, and contracted circle! Look at it, I say! That mouth is shaped by a contemptible spirit. There is no generosity, nobleness, or kindness in it! Bad temper has made it sensitive. See it twitch! Jealousy and malice are shown as plainly by it as if they were described in letters. That man is one to be avoided, shunned, disliked, kept at arm's length! You did not know it before! He deceived you. But now you see! All is clear! He is ugly and forbidding! You are saved, my beloved Mad! I see you tremble! I know that you are shocked! Come, shall I seize him and thrust him out? I—"

Suddenly the door opens. Curtis rushes in. The evil is already done.

Miss Mad all at once runs toward Randidge. She approaches within a few steps, when his sinister lips part to utter something. She hesitates. She falters. Then she catches his eyes. She is apparently reassured by them, for she then throws her arms about his neck, and rests her head upon his shoulder.

Curtis stands aghast at the sight, and Mr. Tyrwitt is petrified.

Curtis cries:

"They are husband and wife—they are married!"

"Married!" thunders the uncle, starting violently—"married!"

He glares from one to the other.

There is a pause.

During its existence Randidge finds his tongue. He cries, angrily:

"Let us see how we shall come out of this. This is a trial of tricks. I have played the best trick yet."

His tone is sarcastic. His face assumes for a moment an expression of profound ugliness. His wife draws back from him. She slowly retires step by step, and then buries her face in her hands.

His tone alters to one of forced gaiety.

"Yes, we are married fast and true; my wife there has the certificate in her pocket.—My love, produce it."

The young girl, with her face turned aside, and in an agony of tears, rapidly obeys, and throws the paper upon the floor.

Curtis picks it up, and, after unfolding it, exhibits it with a grave face to the uncle, who reads it, meanwhile leaning upon the table for support.

"Married!" he cries, in a loud whisper; "then what have I done?"

He fixes his eyes upon his ward.

"Done!" echoes Randidge, lightly—"done? Why, you have done a great deal of mischief; you have made an irreparable breach between husband and wife! You see she has stopped embracing me. She thinks me ugly. I am afraid I cannot keep her love. That causes me much sorrow."

Randidge assumes an easy position, and rubs his lips with his finger-tips. He is master of the situation. He looks from Curtis to Mr. Tyrwitt, and then from Mr. Tyrwitt to the sorrowful one, and then back again.

The clock ticks upon the mantel, the Cu-

pid swings to and fro, and "Duplicité" beams across at "Simplicité."

Mr. Tyrwitt is plunged in gloom, the wife sobs, and Curtis handles his stick secretly and frets.

"Come," says Randidge, "we all see the position. Let us make the best of it. We can improve upon it as it now stands. I am, at the present moment, very desirous to go abroad, for my creditors are becoming troublesome.—Mr. Tyrwitt, there is your secretary; in it is your check-book. Write me an order for—for this amount."

All eyes turn upon the speaker. He rapidly makes some figures upon a bit of paper with a pencil.

"In case that I should comply, what will be done?" demands the other, quickly.

"Then I will permit you to obtain a decree of divorce for my wife. It need be only a matter of two or three lawyers and a good judge in chambers."

"Oh, no, no, no!" sobs the wife, in a low voice.

Mr. Tyrwitt at once seats himself at his desk.

"Miss Praed," he says, while trying his pen, "I shall draw this sum as attorney. It will be debited to your account."

He receives no answer, but sounds of weeping.

"Will you not make it *this* amount?" says Randidge, presenting a fresh scrap of paper, upon which is written a larger sum.

"Sir," retorts the other, "I shall now reduce the original sum by one tenth. Another word from you, and I will reduce it another tenth!"

Randidge smiles apprehensively, and remains silent.

Mr. Tyrwitt stops in his work, and turns his head, and looks over his shoulder at his ward.

She is pallid, and her head droops. Her lips are compressed. She glances twice or thrice at Randidge's face. After each glance she sighs deeply.

In a moment Randidge receives the draft. He examines it. He hurriedly points to the date. It is a month advanced.

"That, you see," replies the other, "will prevent you from drawing the money until I choose that you shall have it, which will not be before the present relations between my niece and yourself are destroyed. You will see that I have indorsed the paper with a legend, which will prevent you from selling it to any person ignorant of the conditions upon which it was issued. I wish to stipulate that, for the next three days, you visit my niece here in this room in my presence, and converse with her for two hours, if she be disposed to grant so much time to the purpose. At the end of the three days, should she declare herself willing to continue to be your wife, then I shall cause that check to be nullified, and will recognize you as her husband. I must inform you, however, that her property is settled upon herself, and that no especial advantage will accrue to you should you succeed in making yourself charming. On the other hand, should she feel that life with you cannot be made all that she thinks married life should be, why,

then I will cause the check to be paid immediately after the separation has been legally perfected.—Madam Randidge, your husband is about to go out of the room. It is my desire that you bid him adieu until to-morrow morning. You will then meet him at ten o'clock precisely."

Randidge folded his check in his fingers, and crossed over to where his wife stood. She looked at the draft, and then at him. He laughed. She was about to put up her face, but she gave him both her hands instead. He said nothing. She also remained silent. She looked at him, and then slowly dropped her eyes. There was a struggle going on within her.

Randidge cuts short the scene by dropping her hands, and walking coolly to the door.

He turns around, and nods lightly to all present, and kisses his hand to his wife, and departs with a triumphant smile.

The niece bursts into tears, and flies to her apartment.

Mr. Tyrwitt crosses over to Curtis, and solemnly shakes his hand, and they then sit to smoke and reflect.

On the fourth day after this Mr. Tyrwitt writes this letter to his brother in the West:

"MY DEAR FREDERICK: I have already told you of the comedy that commenced in this apartment on Tuesday last.

"On each of the three past days an act has been played as I indicated there would be.

"On the first, Mrs. Randidge came in hastily, and kissed her husband warmly. They sat together upon a *fauteuil* beside the window. The instant he began to speak, the dolt and the rascal appeared. His contemptible visage chilled her. She grew dull, and a minute did not elapse before she recoiled from him. His wretched mouth shocked her in spite of herself. Still, she chirruped and twittered with a bravery that moved even me.

"I think you must have seen that toy the mouth of which, on moving, causes a pair of donkey's ears to project and gesticulate (if I may use the word). If you have, you would be reminded of it on seeing Randidge. He has but to part his lips to prove himself an ass.

"Mad's displeasure with him increased to antipathy, and in ten minutes I felt safe.

"But, if you'll believe it, the courageous child kissed him when he went away! And all for pride. All to show me that she was not to be influenced so easily. It was a sad little device, for it deceived no one. She went quietly to her own room, and did not stir thence for the whole day.

"The next interview was only a tax upon Mad's ingenuity and fortitude. Randidge was simply unbearable. He sat at one end of a *fauteuil* and she at the other. She snapped at him once or twice, and then the brute appeared—and, of course, in the lines of his mouth.

"He went away after an hour, and she only gave him a tardy hand.

"On the third day they did not sit down

at all, but stood looking beyond each other for ten minutes, hardly exchanging a word. Mad sighed, and Randidge frowned. It was all over. Finally he disappeared.

"Mad came and wept for an hour, and professed contrition and shame. She avers that she now believes in me. I am glad of it. She has founded herself on a rock.

"My experiment has succeeded. My theory has been put to practice, and has been found to be correct. Take warning, my dear Frederick, and do not permit your Clarence to hide his face as Randidge hid his. Keep your eye upon his lips. If he tends to ungentleness, or egotism, or to profligacy, the sign will hang about his mouth. Demand that he clear his face of all obstructions to your gaze at least once in six months. You will then be able to read the secrets of his heart. If this particular line or that particular compression does not suit you, labor with him in his infirmity, and correct the feature. Amend the relative position of his lips, and you will have amended the condition of his soul! I am now writing a treatise on the subject.

"I have taken steps to separate Beauty from her Beast, and few people need ever know of the unlucky matter. He has gone to the sea-shore, as I directed he should, and Mad, subdued and thoughtful, has taken up Strickland's 'Queens.'

"Is not this a victory?

"Believe me to be

"Your affectionate brother,

"LUCIUS."

ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

MY AUNT AND MY NIECE.

A GREAT many years have passed—sixty, at the very least—since my aunt went to school. Everybody knows that public schools were very different sixty years ago from public schools in these days. The little school-house my aunt attended could almost be set up bodily in one of the class-rooms of that great pile of bricks which stands between us and the sunset, and it was as different in appearance as in size from "No. 500." It was a little wooden erection, with a great chimney at one end, at once so wide and so short as to give out the minimum of heat for the maximum of fuel. Round the other three sides of the room ran a plain, unpainted pine desk, fixed against the wall, with a shelf underneath to hold books. In front of this desk was a bench, made without a back, for the sake of allowing the children to face either way, as might be most convenient. On this bench sat the writing scholars—the oldest in the school—the boys on one side, the girls on the other. In front of this bench was a row or two of lower benches for the little ones. In the centre of the room stood the teacher's chair and table, and this was all the furniture of the school-house.

My aunt began to go to school at five years old. It was a summer school taught by a "schoolma'am," for the custom in those days was to have a master only for the winter schools, when those big boys attended who

were wanted in summer to help on the farm. My aunt first went to school on a fine June morning in charge of an elder sister. She was not an absolute stranger to the scene, having attended once or twice as a visitor, and her mind was divided between pride and joy at her promotion, and awe at its possible consequences. She was dressed in a red pressed flannel petticoat (home made) and a new chintz short-gown, and she carried a "work-bag" containing her spelling-book, an apple, her thread and thimble, and a block of patchwork. My aunt knew her letters and could even spell in easy syllables at five years old; and, in consequence of this advance in learning, she was promoted at once to "read in readings," and went trippingly through the sentences—"No man may put off the law of God;" "My joy is in His law all the day." Then there was a spelling-lesson to be learned after a few days, and the rest of the time in school was devoted to the patchwork before mentioned.

Later came the stories in the back part of Webster's Spelling-Book, such as "an old man found a rude boy in his apple-tree," and those other legends about the milkmaid, and the farmer who came to the lawyer about his bull. By the time school was out for the fall my aunt could read any ordinary "readings" very respectably, and had made good progress in spelling, besides constructing enough of patchwork blocks for one side of a bedquilt. She did not go to school in the winter, but the next summer she was promoted to the "Testament class," and a sampler, for, in the distant days whereof I write, the New Testament was a regular class-book in the public schools.

But my aunt had not been idle all winter by any means. There were few children's books in those days, and no Sunday-school libraries. Nevertheless, my aunt was not without literary food. There was first the Bible, with the Apocrypha, to be read and read again, for my aunt early made the discovery, which some people seem never to make, that reading was, as Hugh Miller afterward defined it, "the art of getting stories out of books." I have often heard my aunt tell how she, being set on the floor to mind the baby, rescued from the grasp of that young destructive "Julie de Roubigne," and an odd volume of "Humphrey Clinker," and spelt her way through them with great delight, though the principal emotion they seemed to have inspired was amazement at Julie's laced nightcap, trimmed with lilac ribbons. These books were not exactly such as one would select for the nourishment of the youthful mind; but I don't know that they were worse than Dumas's "Three Guardsmen," and Rhoda Broughton's "Cometh up as a Flower," which volumes my niece brought home from the "Central School Library" last summer. Later, my aunt had Cook's "Voyages," Dr. Young's works, and sundry other English classics, for she came of a reading family. Moreover, she had Guthrie's great Geography, which contained, besides much other matter, a summary of history, and a treatise on mythology. Besides these grown-up books, the children of the district had among theirs "Robinson Crusoe," "The Seven Wise Men—

ters," sundry odd fairy-tales, and a part of the "Arabian Nights," all of which were passed from hand to hand till fairly worn out.

At eight my aunt learned to write. At nine she began arithmetic by doing sums set for her on the slate, and thence copied with great care into a "ciphering-book" provided for the purpose. At ten she began to study grammar—Webster's little old catechetical Grammar, with its three tenses and four moods. But my aunt's ambition was roused. The older boys and girls studied Murray, and parsed out of "Young's Night Thoughts." Being detained at home by a three days' snow-storm, my aunt learned by heart the whole of Webster's Grammar, recited it all when she went back to school, and was promoted in triumph to the older class.

At twelve my aunt left off school for a term, with a competent knowledge of reading and spelling, English grammar, and arithmetic. She had also read many times over the "Third Part," an English reader made up of extracts from such authors as Johnson, Addison, Young, Milton, and Pope. She had parsed her way through Young's "Night Thoughts," and had read Thomson's "Seasons," Milton's "Paradise Lost," and in general every book on which she could lay her small hands. She had made a fine linen shirt. She had worked a resplendent sampler, and likewise a flower for a white frock, in which were executed all the lace-stitches known to Miss Tempy Hutchinson, the school-ma'am, and what Miss Tempy did not know in that line was not worth knowing. My aunt could spin and knit and sew and bake, and write a letter without misspelling a word or transgressing a rule of grammar. But she had never seen or heard of an object-lesson, or a lesson in gymnastics, or a lecture on physiology, with a French manikin to illustrate the same. At fifteen, my aunt had another year's schooling at a certain famous academy, which I believe is still in existence almost under the sound of the chimes of Cornell. Here my aunt studied geography, went through Pike's great Arithmetic, and did a great amount of very solid reading. She also learned to dance, and this, with the exception of the handiworks before mentioned, was her sole accomplishment. Certainly, my aunt's education was very defective.

My niece goes to the Free Academy (called also the High-School), having graduated with some honor from Number Five Hundred. The room where she began her school-life was as different as possible from that in which my aunt used to study Webster's Spelling-Book. It is green blinded and curtained, and furnished regardless of expense, and it has black-boards and charts for spelling, and apparatus without end. Yet, it somehow happened that my niece was three years in learning to read intelligibly. Her father says that she cannot do so even now, but he is a prejudiced man, with old-fashioned ideas. My niece advanced from grade to grade of Number Five Hundred with reasonable rapidity. All her school-books are elegantly illustrated, and her readers, of which she has had half a dozen at least, are by no means such volumes as my aunt toiled through, but contain narratives supposed to

be adapted to the capacity of those who use them—interesting tales concerning Tommy who struck Jemmy, and Sarah who stole a lump of sugar, and Jenny who was jealous of Fanny. She had object-lessons from one of the first teachers in the country, and has practised endless gymnastics. She has performed the most wonderful feats in mental arithmetic. Now she is learning algebra, geometry, and Latin, and, by dint of very hard work, she expects to graduate at sixteen. Certainly, the advantages of my niece have been very much greater than those of my aunt.

And yet, somehow, the result is not exactly satisfactory. My aunt, as I said, could write a respectable letter at twelve years old—possibly somewhat formal in style, but correct and well expressed. I had a note from my niece the other day in which "Wednesday" was written without the "d," and "compelled" with only one "l," and in which she informed me that she had "commenced to" read Virgil. My aunt left off school with a mind hungering and thirsting for knowledge, and this hunger and thirst have lasted her life long, leading her to learn French, German, and even Hebrew, and making her at eighty still take the liveliest interest in all the new discourses and questions of the day. She can still use arithmetic well enough for all ordinary purposes. When she was left to depend on her own resources, she speedily made herself acquainted with all the common forms of business, so that she has successfully managed her own affairs, and a man who tried the other day to lead her into a bad investment found himself considerably astonished.

My niece cares for very few books, and those few seem to me not of the most desirable character. She knows not a word of Milton, or Young, or Pope, or Shakespeare. She has never read even the Waverley Novels, because, she says, "there is so much history and stuff in them that she cannot understand them." The great world of English literature is an unknown world to her, and I have some doubts if she could tell you whether Addison lived in the reign of Queen Anne or that of Queen Elizabeth. She is studying Virgil, but I doubt whether she knows who Virgil was, and I do not think she realizes in the least that she is reading poetry. In short, she has no literary curiosity, and no time to gratify it if she had, for she has six hours' schooling a day, and studies three or four hours every evening in order to keep up with her class. As to calculating the interest on a mortgage, or cooking a dinner, you might as well ask her to settle a canon of Aristotle.

My niece's health is not very good, especially since she began to attend the High-School. I do not know whether she suffers from too much study, or from carrying that donkey-load of books back and forth every day, and going up two high staircases to her class-room—for you must understand that in our really noble and beautiful academy-building the girls have the post of honor, that is, the upper floor. Certain it is that my niece is very far from well. She has grown thin and nervous, suffers from hysterical attacks and sleeplessness, and her mother talks of taking her abroad for the long vacation.

Who can tell what is the matter? Is it that my niece has not had enough done for her education, after all? Has she had too little mental discipline? Is it perhaps because she has been so constantly trained and cultivated that she has had no time to grow? Has she been kept so busy *doing* something that she has had no time to *be* any thing? or what is the trouble?

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

COOPER'S INDIANS.

THE fate of merit in this world is to be assailed by somebody; and, only let the merit be striking and original, then it is attacked bitterly. The fact is sad or humorous, as you choose to look at it; under any circumstances, it is a curious and not pleasant exhibition of "human nature." Why should we lower the lance against every crest that rises above our own? Is Aristides growing juster than we think becoming, that we hasten to throw shells at him, and force him into exile? The human being who achieves distinction seems to stand "too much in the sun" for some people, and they never rest until they have thrust him back into the shadow.

We certainly do not mean to quarrel with fair criticism. Let it be as severe as the critic pleases, if it only be just. Every writer "takes his chance," and must stand or fall on his individual merit: only let his real merit be conceded, his real weakness be denounced. The career of a great writer of America, FENIMORE COOPER, seems to have been subjected to a criticism based upon the contrary theory—at least, his merit, in a particular instance, has been attributed to him as a weakness. The fame of Cooper rests upon his portraits of sailors, backwoodsmen, and Indians. Nothing could be said by his hostile critics against the sailors in his "Pilot," "Red Rover," and other sea-tales, since the experts declared him nearly the sole true delineator of life on the ocean. As little could be urged against Leather-stocking; the whole world agreed that the hunter was a transcript from real life. The Indians remained—Uncas, Chingachgook, and the rest—and upon these characters the author's enemies fixed. They were "poetized," "idealized," "exaggerated," untrue to Nature. The Indian was a drunken savage, accessible to no humanizing emotion. He was narrow of brain, relentlessly vindictive, debased, degraded, brutal under all circumstances—the species of being, in a word, which we have since seen in Captain Jack, Shacknasty Jim, and the tribes of the lava-beds. This theory was persistently urged, and all the more persistently in consequence of the fiery temper of the great novelist, which led him to retort upon bitterness with bitterness. It is true that these old, violent controversies of the past are now forgotten, but they have left their impression on the fame of Cooper. Dr. Johnson said wisely that almost any thing might be accomplished by incessantly talking about and urging it: the mind, he meant to say, became familiar with the view thus repeated without cessation; gradually, it was

imbibed; finally, it was adopted. Thus a vague impression seems still to linger that Cooper's portraits of Indian character are so idealized as to be untrue to history; and one of the conspicuous merits of the author has been made a reproach to him.

Was the North-American Indian a degraded brute in every instance—a mere savage with two favorite amusements, drunkenness and dashing out the brains of women and children? Is it really true that the Indian character, under no circumstances, displayed any trace of magnanimity or sentiment, of poetry, or humanizing emotion? Were the Iroquois, the Shawnees, the Lenni-Lenapes, and the rest of the famous tribes who fought so wisely and bravely, and often made such headway against the best troops of England and France, a nation of groveling and ignoble animals, exactly typified by the Diggers, Modocs, and tribes of the plains to-day? The enemies of Cooper intimate as much when they do not assert it. Is it true?

It has always seemed to us singularly and notably untrue. Unfortunately, however, for the author, there is just that infusion of apparent justice in these statements which makes their untruth dangerous. The records of the Indian wars exhibit unquestionably a great number of instances of savage cruelty; and, after making every allowance for the fact that these records were written by their enemies, the French and English, and were no doubt highly colored, still, enough remains to prove that the Indian character was cruel and relentless. So far the charges are quite undeniable; the error lies in advancing a step further, and denying any virtuous sentiment to the savages; whereupon the conclusion follows irresistibly that Cooper's Indian heroes, Uncas and the rest, are mere fancies.

Let us look at the subject dispassionately—not forgetting, first, to note the fact that Cooper does not conceal the shadows in his picture, however he may heighten the coloring of the brighter portion. Chingachgook's devotion to rum is not concealed, and that worthy is presented to us, in full length, very drunk indeed. Wyandotto is a murderer; and even Uncas is not in all things a model. The author tells you of his "fierce" passions and expression of face. Cooper was, indeed, too much of a literary artist to omit these bad traits; but, having put in his shadows, he distributed his lights, having as good authority for one as for the other. Since the author's death, his long and careful examination and study of the records of Indian history and character have been made public. He conscientiously prepared himself by study, by collecting traditions, and by personal observation of survivors of the tribes, for his portraits of these singular people. His active and curious mind sought everywhere for authentic traces of a race which had originally occupied the continent, and so hardly resisted the white invaders. The subject evidently took fast hold on his imagination; and, at last, when his memory was stored with all the countless incidents and details resulting from that long reading and observation, this various material was fused together—the courage with the vindictiveness, the cruelty with the contempt of pain and death, the mean-

ness with the magnanimity—and the portrait was made which we look at to-day in the famous Leather-stocking romances. It is the portrait of an untamed and uneducated human being, full of the thirst for vengeance, stern, unshrinking, savage; but with these traits mingles a spirit of noble endurance, of personal dignity, of magnanimity, and even kindness often—sometimes of pity, self-sacrifice, and love for and protection of the weak. The intellectual vigor of the Indian character is as firmly insisted on by the author. The wisdom in council, the persistence in pursuit of their objects, the moving oratory, all enter into these pictures. That the truth of the delineation has been denied only proves to us that the critics of this eminent author had failed to make the minute and painstaking investigations, before writing their strictures, which he had made before writing his romances—and were thus not justified in charging him with exaggeration and inaccuracy.

It is easy to show, by the briefest and most desultory reference to historical fact, that all this idea about the moral and intellectual degradation of the North-American Indians is a mere fancy. Upon the very threshold of the new country to which they sailed, Captain Smith and his followers encountered a man with a red face, who speedily showed them that he was every inch a king, and taxed to the uttermost the ability of one of the first soldiers of Europe. The "great emperor" Powhatan was found to be a personage of brain and nerve, a monarch by right of individual merit—calm, dignified, brave, wise, and, as the incident of Smith's rescue by Pocahontas shows, by no means an unrelenting savage. It would appear at least a somewhat *civilized* trait—the sudden clemency which spared the life of an enemy at the solicitation of a girl; and evidence may be found on nearly every page of "Captain Smith's Memoirs" that he regarded Powhatan as a man of great force of character, and many excellent traits. He speaks of the Indian emperor in terms of uniform respect, and nowhere attributes to him the groveling traits of the Calmucks, by whom he had been held in slavery in Europe. Even the civilized respect for women is noticed; and the Southern Indians, at least, certainly had this respect. Beverly, the fair and reliable historian of Virginia, enumerates the tribes about 1700, and we are informed that the Powhatan were "governed by a queen;" Nandaye was the "seat of the empress," who had "all the nations of the shore under tribute;" and other tribes were probably ruled by women—an historical fact probably unknown to the critics of Cooper, and surprisingly in conflict with the prevalent opinion that the moral degradation of the aboriginal character was peculiarly manifest in their contempt for and oppression of women—a mark of the savage in all countries. That a tribe of Indian braves should consent to have "a queen" and "an empress" over them, instead of a warrior, is irreconcilable with the view that they despised the female character.

Going from the South to the North, we find in the earlier records of the New-England States some Indians whose characters and careers astonishingly contradict the theory of

moral and intellectual incapacity. King Philip, grandfather of the Pokanoket tribes, and eventually recognized as head of all the nations, even to the Mohawks of New York, was a man of such remarkable powers—of organization, persuasion, administration—that it is difficult to deny him a place among the most famous soldiers and rulers of history. He certainly exhibited some of the greatest traits of the born leader of men. He was cool, wise, resolute, unshaken in adversity, not puffed up by success—a man always firm, collected, going forward unmoved toward his aim, not cruel, except where punishment was to be inflicted, and noted for never maltreating a captive. Ruling, at first, over a tribe of only six hundred warriors, he in six weeks, by his own personal "magnetism," succeeded in banding together, and subjecting to his sway, the tribes for two hundred miles along the coast of Maine—the whole Nipmuck country was then involved by him in the struggle—the New-York tribes were brought into it—and Philip, the impersonation of the sentiment of his race, hostility to the whites, directed the energies of these heterogeneous elements with a wisdom and nerve only found in what the world calls "great men." No wanton cruelty was ever charged upon him, and his historian pronounces the just eulogium that "he fought and fell, miserably, indeed, but gloriously—the avenger of his own household, the worshiper of his own gods, the guardian of his own honor, a martyr for the soil which was his birthplace, and for the proud liberty which was his birthright."

Pontiac, at a later date, takes his place beside Philip as a ruler, organizer, orator, and warrior. Under the sway of his oratory the famous Five Nations made that great struggle with the French which is known in American history as "Pontiac's War;" and the extraordinary phenomenon was exhibited, when, in 1763, the Indian warrior regularly invested Detroit, of "the protracted siege of a fortified, civilized garrison by an army of warriors." The moral character of Pontiac was nearly above reproach. He was singularly free from the vices which are supposed to degrade the Indian character. No act of cruelty was ever charged against him; on the contrary, his kindness and magnanimity, says his historian, were as thoroughly recognized as his genius and integrity. For half a century after his death his name remained famous among the tribes for his wonderful powers of oratory, his far-reaching capacity both as a ruler and a soldier; and the sentiment of his people for him has been compared to that of the Greeks for Ulysses, the man descended from the gods.

The careers of Philip and Pontiac are sufficiently well known to make any more extended notice of them unnecessary. Two Indian types, if we may so say, who appeared a little later and farther southward, are not so prominent in history, but are equally striking and interesting. We refer to Cornstalk and Logan. They appear but once in the annals of their time, but the incident in which they figure is a dramatic one. The tribes on the Ohio had combined to strike a decisive blow against the Virginia border, and General Andrew Lewis was sent in that direction with a

small army. Cornstalk had early information of his force, and, seeing that the struggle was hopeless, proposed to send in a flag and make peace. When this was negatived he nodded, coolly prepared for battle, and, taking command of his people, went into action, shouting, "Be strong! be strong!" When the line wavered, he drove his tomahawk into his brain. When all was lost, he assembled the survivors, resumed his tone of collected resolution, and proposed that the women and children should be put to death, the whole tribe should march again to battle, and that every warrior should bind himself by a solemn obligation to fight and die where he stood. When this in turn was not agreed to, he struck his tomahawk into the council-post, saying, "I will go and make peace, then;" and, proceeding to the white camp, he presented himself proudly before Lewis and Lord Dunmore, and addressed them in a speech of commanding and defiant eloquence, which indicated how little his stern nerve had been shaken by the defeat of his people. Such was the old warrior—statesman, soldier, diplomatist, orator—wise in council, reckless in combat, and kindling in oratory. The difference between him and the great names of the Aryan race seems to us, at least, to consist only in the color of his skin.

This was the occasion on which Logan, the associate of Cornstalk, refused to be present, but sent his remarkable speech. Would the reader like to peruse it? It is only a few lines: "I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's camp hungry, and he gave him no meat; if he ever came cold and naked, and he clothed him not! During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate of peace. Such was his love for the whites that his countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing the women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? No one!"

This speech, which is authenticated by the testimony of Jefferson, is certainly not the speech of a brutal savage. The wild grandeur of the sentiment and expression is obvious, and a dozen other Indian addresses—by Philip, by Pontiac, by Tecumseh—might be added, each as remarkable. These are too long to quote. Black Hawk's farewell to his people, after his surrender at Prairie du Chien, will illustrate the general tone of these wild outbursts in a very brief space: "Farewell, my nation! Black Hawk tried to save you and revenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are stopped.

He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk!" This savage eloquence of an uneducated Indian is as striking, we think, as any thing in Ossian; and the grandeur of Ossian kindled the chill enthusiasm of Napoleon.

It was this rude poetry of the Indian phraseology that Cooper imitated in his imaginary dialogues; and the critics, less familiar than himself with what was "on record," straightway charged him with inflation and stilted rhetoric—with putting into the mouths of a set of barbarians a merely imaginary phraseology.

It is impossible in a brief article to pass in review the long list of remarkable Indians—Tecumseh and the Prophet, who present such singular types of military and religious enthusiasm, Osceola, and many others. We should only, indeed, pass over the same ground, and repeat that these men were in no real sense savages, but very eminent leaders, prudent and wise in council, unshrinking in battle, and gifted by Nature with that unswerving resolution which stamps great men in all ages. Cooper has so represented his typical Indians. He has attributed to them this elevation of mind and character, and the record amply supports his view. It is, indeed, impossible, it seems to us, to avoid seeing that the Indian character, generally speaking, was wholly different from that of the real barbarians of the world. Every thing disproves this idea. The poetical superstitions of the tribes would alone distinguish them from the lower order of savages—those, for instance, of the interior of Africa. The religion, if the term may be employed, of the latter, is a groveling and horrible superstition. The Deity, in their eyes, is a cruel monster. He is hated and feared. The human animal worships an animal god. Among the Indians of North America a very different conception of the Supreme Deity was prevalent. He was a beneficent and merciful creator and preserver of men. All connected with him was grand and poetic. His voice was heard in the thunder; the lightning was the flash of his eye. He traced out with his finger the paths of the great rivers, ordering them to run in the channels which he decreed, and not overflow the fields, causing disease, famine, and death. He loved and cared for the children of men. Mondamin, the Indian-corn, was his gift; and Longfellow's version, as accurate as poetical, of the beautiful legend, will be remembered—how the youth, with his emerald vesture and golden hair, was buried, only to spring up in the same guise as the fruitful and majestic plant. This tendency of the Indians to surround every natural object with the attractions of poetic fancy is everywhere obvious. Each month of the year was, if we may so say, poetized. May was the "Moon of Strawberries;" the delicious fruit, glowing amid the earliest green leaves, was made to typify the balmy period when the airs of spring made all things burst into verdure and bloom. October was the "Moon of Cohonks;" for, in the autumn, the Indian hunter, ranging the forests for game, had his attention suddenly arrested by the far, continuous cry, "Co-

honk! cohonk!" of the wild-geese passing among the clouds on their way to the south. The Indian names which still attach to so many mountains, rivers, and tracts of country, are known to convey, almost universally, in their original significance, a poetical meaning. The Shenandoah is "The Daughter of the Stars;" the Potomac is "The River of Swans;" the Falls of St. Anthony were Minnehaha, "The Laughing Water." And the proper names were as poetic—that, for instance, of Pocahontas, which signified "Bright Stream between Two Hills."

It will not be denied that this obvious propensity with the Indian tribes to bestow beautiful and poetic names upon all around them indicated elevation of sentiment rather than brutal and groveling characteristics. With the degraded castes of India and the savages of Africa the case is entirely different—their limited moral and intellectual development assimilating them closely to the mere animal nature. The type of this lower order of humanity is unmistakable. He is generally short of stature, with unshapely limbs, huge feet, a retreating forehead, a flat nose, thick lips—brutal, cowardly, the victim of bestial superstition, a worshiper of animals and even insects, and certainly without the least trace of what we call poetry, or the sentiment of heroism in any form. The North-American Indian, on the contrary, is generally tall and of powerful physical development, the model frequently of personal beauty in the shape of his limbs, with a prominent nose, a forehead not retreating, thin and compressed lips—in all his movements easy, graceful, and dignified. While the African gibbers, jabbers, and grimaces, the Indian is silent, grave, and even austere in his demeanor. The one cowers before a fetic or a beetle, and degrades all he touches, dancing his grotesque "voodoo" dance around his fire—the other listens with awe to the thunder, and silently worships, or invests every object with a rude but genuine poetry, involving the sentiment of beauty, or the idea of the personal presence of the Deity.

Of the Indian system of government—their civil and warlike polity—nothing has been said; and yet their usages formed a body of statutes, so to speak, an unwritten constitution, as binding on them as the formal laws of a civilized community. Their form of government was a sort of elective monarchy—the rule hereditary, unless the warriors chose not to permit it in a special case. But the king must be a king by right of brain and oratory and courage. This fact was universally recognized; *faintant* sachems were not tolerated; and let political philosophers say whether this arrangement is not a very good one indeed; Mr. Carlyle, at least, says so. It is worthy of observation, however, that the monarchic authority was limited—even Powhatan, the great emperor, was obliged to call his braves together, and consult with them before embarking upon an enterprise, infusing thus into his government an element essentially republican. These councils were solemn and dignified affairs—not jabbering assemblages. The fathers of the tribe spoke first, the younger after them. The *viva voce* vote decided. The scenes, when the Indians

entered into treaties with the whites, would alone show that they were any thing but barbarians. The grave dignity, the commanding eloquence, the solemn delivery of the wampumbelt, to bind them to each stipulation, made the picture an impressive one. And there is scarcely an instance where, after delivering the belt, they failed to keep their word. The sentiment of good faith thus solemnly pledged was powerful—more powerful, certainly, than with Napoleon or his adversaries in Europe. In reference to the sentiment of kingship above referred to, we present the reader with an amusing instance, which seems to show that the Indians were sometimes *legitimists*, in the full force of the French meaning of the term. The incident occurred at Fond-du-lac, in 1847, when the Chippewas were treating with the United States commissioners. The oldest and most influential warriors of the tribe bitterly opposed the project of selling their lands, when Pogoneshik, a mere boy, but hereditary chief, suddenly appeared in the council-chamber, and imperiously ordered the treaty to be concluded and the land sold. He then looked around him, waited for opposition, and, as the warriors remained respectfully silent, he ordered, *de par le roi*, that the following words be added to the document:

"Fathers, the country our great father sent you to purchase belongs to me. It was once my father's. He took it from the Sioux. He, by his bravery, made himself the head chief of the Chippewa nation. I am a greater man than my father was, for I am as brave as he was, and on my mother's side I am head chief of the nation. The land you want belongs to me. If I say 'sell, our great father' (the President of the United States) 'will have it. If I say 'not sell, he will do without it.'"

Then follows the supreme, concise, and final announcement of the autocratic will:

"These Indians that you see behind me have nothing to say about it! I approve of this treaty, and consent to the same."

"POGONESHNIK, OR HOLE-IN-THE-DAY."

The "illustrious person calling himself the Comte de Chambord," as the young Marquis de Rochebriant says in Bulwer's "The Parisians," would have found it difficult to assert in a more distinct manner his theory of the *jus divinum regum*. Pogoneshik, or Hole-in-the-Day, evidently thought that it was "the place of the wreck to come to the shore, not of the shore to go to the wreck;" and he was the shore, inasmuch as the sovereign power belonged to him through his father, who had won it, and through his mother, whose blood inherited it! It is a young and superb autocrat who speaks—a juvenile Louis XIV., with a copper face:

"This land belongs to me; I will sell it or not, as I please. I am royal will impersonate. These people behind me are merely the nobles of my court, and have nothing to do with the affair. I, Pogoneshik, decide that I will sell my kingdom. I approve this treaty, and consent to the same. I am Hole-in-the-Day, and this is my mark!"

If the views of Indian character here presented be correct, it is difficult to understand why Cooper should be denounced for representing them, as he has done often, in a dig-

nified and heroic attitude. As we have said, he does not shrink from painting also the shadows of the picture, and the critics must fall back, at least, on the charge that the author gives undue prominence to the nobler traits of the red-skins, slurring over what was barbarous and repulsive. The fairness or unfairness of this charge will be decided upon by every reader for himself. We think the charge unfounded. In any event, a writer is justified in selecting the colors for his picture. Few landscapes in Nature are as brilliant as the pictures of Poussin or of Titian; but these masters use only colors which are seen in actual dawns or sunsets. There is evidence in abundance that the Indian character was brave, heroic, full of dignity, of endurance, and permeated by a lofty if wild spirit of poetry. Cooper had certainly a right to embody these traits, even if other traits of the race were cruelty and treachery.

The question, however, is a purely literary and critical one, and its decision will have little or no effect upon the renown of the author. His Indians remain the representatives of their race. These singular people disappear day by day, and have dwindled now to the ignoble type seen in the Comanches, Diggers, and Modocs. The Iroquois, the Shawnees, the Tuscaroras, and Delawares, have "gone beyond the sunset." The North-American Indian, in his great phase of development, with his fierce courage, his endurance, his heroism, and his poetry, lives only in "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Prairie," "The Pathfinder," and the other American tales of Cooper. Right or wrong, he has stamped them with his "broad arrow," and they will pass current—especially with that large class of readers in Europe and in this country who read works of fiction to have their interest excited, and their feelings moved by pictures of wild character on the fresh and untrodden stage of the backwoods. The minute accuracy of the author's descriptions may be called in question by a critic here and there; but the originality and picturesque power of his fictions have long since established Cooper in a literary position which defies attack. His Indian portraits rank with his wonderful sailors and backwoodsmen; with Long Tom Coffin and deathless Natty Bumpo; with his magnificent pictures of the ocean, the pathless forest, the great lakes, and the prairies. Over one and all he has thrown the glamour of a genius which some critics may contest, but which the world has long since acknowledged. In this country he divides the literary sovereignty with Irving; while abroad he is ranked even higher than the author of "The Sketch-Book;" and the praise of the stranger, a French proverb says, resembles the voice of posterity.

JOHN ESTEN COOK.

CRAZYCROFT.

"NO," said Cromer, apostrophizing his friend and former classmate at college, Higsey, with whom he had been holding a heated discussion—"no, I cannot be brought to believe that it's impossible for a

man to lift himself to the altitude of a demigod, by the force of fine physical development, in these days as well as in the time of the Greek heroes."

"Then I must leave you," retorted Higsey, "to work out your own destiny. I've got too much else to do to go training for a deityship myself, so I can't ascend into the heavens with you. As for Miss Gladdingale, I should think it unlikely that she would be prepared to join you in a race for that kind of immortality—though you know her best, of course."

To this Archibald Cromer did not respond. He sat absorbed in reverie. As Higsey looked at him, a strong feeling of admiration took possession of his mind, despite the folly and impracticability of the views that Cromer had just been advancing. Now that his companion kept silence, he was inclined to almost entirely dissociate from those fantastic schemes the solid and serviceable body which he beheld seated opposite to him. From the strong, forward-sloping chest-line, the backward pose, and restful power of his shoulders, and the pure texture of his skin, it would have been easy for any one to infer that Cromer was an athlete. He had taken up boating at college, and had pursued similar sports ever since—being, although a graduate of two years' standing, still without other profession than that of gymnastics—unless, by a play of words, we can include under the term profession his engagement to marry a young lady resident in his native village, a Miss Lillian Gladdingale. The want of technical knowledge might, of course, be easily supplied at any time; and, whatever should happen, he was the inheritor of a fortune. Provided in this way with health and wealth, and with his life put in poise by the fact of his engagement, there might have seemed no obstacle in the way of his success. But Cromer was a prey to a singular, even alarming, freak.

It had been noticed at college that, instead of exercising any deteriorating influence upon him of the kind usual where deterioration follows at all, his devotion to physical development had lifted him to a strikingly ideal point of view. He came to be known as the upholder of certain novel opinions in regard to reforming and ennobling the character of bodily culture.

"Why should we not produce a set of men," he had been heard to say, "who should make themselves such a name for corporeal powers and beauty as to take an entirely exceptional stand in society, placing themselves gradually in a position of half-mythical superiority, so that people should look back upon them with a sense of worship almost—at any rate, with a feeling of reverent emulation?"

"But of what use would all that be," asked Higsey, and others, "even if it were possible? We have had nothing of the kind for ever so many hundred years, and are very well off, notwithstanding."

"Very well off!" echoed Cromer, indignantly. "Don't you see that what I propose is just what we need to rescue the race from that physical degeneracy which is acknowledged to be taking hold of it, and perhaps hurrying it needlessly toward extinction?"

At first these expressions were received by Cromer's chum, and his college-companions generally, with a laugh, or an assumption of mock-despair, causing the discussion to end in a sense of amused complacency on their part, and of misapprehension on Cromer's, coupled with partial doubts as to the soundness of his own tenets. But, as time went on, these relations changed so far as to make the attitude of his listeners one almost of contempt, while the young enthusiast became more than ever firmly convinced of his wisdom. After this, his position was rather solitary. He spent much time in reverie, and a peculiar expression became observable in his eyes, as of one who has looked too fixedly and too vacantly at some trifling object, until the pupils have become unnaturally dilated, losing, for the time, their ability to intelligently survey immediate surroundings. I do not mean to say that this was Cromer's most striking personal characteristic; on the contrary, he was chiefly distinguished for a fine, dignified frankness, a stately cheerfulness, as if he felt his own power and the responsibility of possessing a superior physical organization, but was willing to enter into hearty external relations with any one, so long as these attributes of physical force should be respected and uncontaminated by them.

One little circumstance which occurred while he was at college should be mentioned here, as having exerted a special influence upon him.

He had taken his place in the college-crowd, and gone to Springfield to row the annual regatta. While there, previous to the race, he became the subject, along with his partners in the struggle, of an industrious reporter's comments. It was quite in accordance with his feeling that his muscular development should be made a matter for public attention, but the tone of the report did not please him.

"It is too much like an account of prize-oxen," he remarked to one of his companions in the six-oar.

Not more than two days after the publication of this, and as he was passing out of the door from his training-quarters with the rest of the crew to their exercise on the river, the same reporter, happening to stand near the threshold, in a state of morbid professional curiosity, made bold to stretch out his hand, and pat Cromer's deltoid (his arm being bare) approvingly.

"By George, sir," said he, "that muscle of yours ought to win you the race!"

Cromer shook off the impertinent fingers as if they had been so many flies. He was thoroughly offended, and vowed that he would never row another race until the whole spirit of such enterprises should be changed and purified. And he never did. The contest proved unfavorable to his college, and he was scolded by his associates for his share in it.

"If it hadn't been for your confounded notions about the true relations of gymnastics," they said, "your mind would have been easy, you would have pulled twice as well, and we should have won the race."

Cromer retorted, with an equal asperity, that it was not the fault of his notions, but of

theirs and the reporter's. "There is no joyousness in these athletic sports," he averred, "and no poetry in the admiration of the crowd for them. It is all a matter of pounds and prizes."

But the result was, that he received no invitation to take a place in the boat the next year. That year was his last at college. The affair went deeply into his mind, and set him brooding more than ever.

The conversation already alluded to with Higsey took place during the summer, two years after their departure from college. They were in the country, Higsey having come to visit his old chum at the village, where the latter had remained, in his mother's house, since graduating. The interval had been very differently employed by the two young men. Higsey had gone to New York, and there established himself in a mercantile house, where his prospects of coming into a partnership were unusually good. Cromer, on the other hand, had continued to feed his imagination with material that only fostered his peculiar notions, and he had now arrived at a point where these amounted almost to mania. His mother, indeed, had spoken to Higsey, immediately on his coming, in regard to her son's vagaries.

"He even talks," she said, "of going up to the old hill-house, as we call it, and making a sort of hermitage of it, where he can exalt himself into the proper state of mind for becoming a hero."

The hill-house was a dwelling situated near the summit of a high but gradual upland, and distant about a mile and a half from the village, overlooking the valley in which the latter lay. The land belonged to the Cromer estate, and had been for a long time leased out to farmers; but, of late, the soil being nearly exhausted, the place had not been in demand, and the old farm-house had fallen out of use. It was a square, unpainted building, well blackened by time and tempest, with a stout chimney rising from the centre, in the fashion of the last century; and a barn, at a short remove, nearly hidden by a depression in the ground, and some intervening trees. The entrance to it was on the side looking away from the valley. A heavy clump of lilac-shrubs grew on either side of the grass-grown approach, and close beside the threshold-stone there flourished a low, dense bush of antique damask-rose. On the side facing the far-off village, the long, almost unbroken descent of fields seemed to invite the steps of dwellers in the house valley-ward. These fields extended for about a mile; then the ground became more nearly level; small, scattered groves intervened, with some cornfields; and a slender stream curled along through the lowland, hitherside the village.

After their argument, Higsey, seeing that Archibald was not in a mood for further converse, went up and wonderingly surveyed this house and its surroundings. He decided that it would not be a bad place to live in; at all events, for the summer. He foresaw that, in his life of application at a desk, he should need to resort frequently to some such spot in the hot season. Feeling something of the capitalist in him already, he found it pleasant to speculate upon the possibilities of a pur-

chase here, and the future fitting up of the house as a country home. One thing was wanting to his plan: he had no prospect of marrying. He was not even in love, and had not been since leaving college!

"Strange," he thought, as he stood by the hill-house and looked down at the populous nook from which he had walked hither—"strange, that Fate should so long postpone bringing me to the woman, wherever she is, who is to perfect my life, and give it some better purpose than it has! Now, there's Cromer, who might as well not be engaged at all, so far as his waking up to the real problems of life is concerned. If I had only met Miss ——"

He allowed his train of reflection to make a broken ending, and set off walking again. Coming to a thicket of saplings, he cut one, of a suitable size for a walking-stick, and turned his steps toward the distant hollow again, trimming and whittling the stick as he went, and thinking deeply and strangely.

A day or two later Cromer carried out his intention of installing himself at the hill-house. He found a room there in good enough repair to shelter him, and moved thither with a Lempière's "Dictionary," Bell's "Pantheon," one or two small plaster-casts, and some engravings of antique statues. There was another important article in his repertory, which I hesitate, for a moment, to specify. When the young man plainly announced his intention of resorting to the farm-house, for the purpose of putting himself in the road to a gradual apotheosis, his mother and his old classmate were forced to admit to themselves that Cromer's conduct was that of a monomaniac. Most of the village-folk, for their part, had already stamped the young man as insane. There would have been little doubt left in the minds of even the most sanguine supporters of a contrary view had they known that the athletic enthusiast had carried with him to his retreat a complete suit of tights. This freak was the logical issue of his fantasy. To achieve the reputation of a demi-god he must surely, to begin with, have the outward appearance of one, so far as attainable. Accordingly, modeling upon a representation of Trojan Paris, which he had discovered in one of his books, and which pleased his fancy more than any effigy of less blameworthy heroes, he had procured the silk costume aforesaid as being the only possible approach to heroic nudity. The Phrygian cap on Paris's head had given him some annoyance; but he managed the point by purchasing at a fancy-dress dealer's in the city a cap-and-bells, which had served its turn as part of the costume of a clown at masked balls, and had even figured in the get-up of a Shakespearian clown (the customer said) at one of the temples of the drama. To any one less possessed by his idea than Cromer this combination of a circus-rider's dress and a fool's cap-and-bells might have seemed discordant with the aspiration it was intended to assist. For, in fact, when the young candidate for hero-worship had arrayed himself in this cast-off apparel, he bore a much more striking resemblance to a fool than to any god or demi-god of the Greek mythology. But he did not perceive this; was no whit discouraged by his appearance;

and even formed the resolve of making this his usual clothing so soon as he could accustom his own and the public mind to such a measure.

It may be easily imagined that Miss Gladdingale found herself in no pleasing position meantime. Popular opinion in the vicinity was becoming excited on the topic of Cromer's extravagances. Strollers in the neighborhood of the hill-house had caught occasional glimpses of the figure in tights, and had spread the alarm. Some simple folks one day encountered the gymnast in his ethereal garb, making a trial of his speed along a lonely road among the woods. They fled promiscuously as he approached, and the result was a rumor—speedily formulated in a newspaper paragraph, which went through many States—that a "wild man" had been seen in the locality. It was even proposed, in the village, that Cromer ought to be confined in an asylum; and some of the voters informally appointed a delegation to wait upon Mrs. Cromer, with the purpose of pointing out her duty in this direction. The deputies, however, gave out at the last moment. By a coincidence that called forth a good deal of comment, all but one were summoned by business to a distance on the eve of the day set for their official visit. The only one remaining in town was the leader of the movement, a blacksmith, named Hankford, a surly fellow, whose best friend was his bull-dog. He fumed about for a while in search of the delinquent delegates, but finally, declaring that *he* wasn't going alone, put his bull-dog back into the kennel, and allowed Peace her sway again. Still the little storm left a gloom in the air, which penetrated even the quiet atmosphere of the young woman's sweet and hitherto happy heart.

In her extremity, and knowing that Higsey was his most intimate friend, and having been thrown, of late, into frequent contact with the young metropolitan merchant, Miss Lillian betook herself for counsel and comfort to Cromer's old chum.

"What is to be the end of it all, Mr. Higsey?" she one day asked him.

"I'm sure I cannot tell," responded he, with small sign of sanguineness. "It seems as if Cromer were likely to put to fault the adage of the ancients themselves—*In corpore sano, sana mens.*"

When a college-graduate of still vernal years begins to quote Latin to a young lady who does not understand the language, it is likely to be with some other object than that of exciting her interest in classical learning. Miss Gladdingale, probably not aware of this, was impressed by Higsey's scholastic gravity. She listened to him now with a new reverence. Their talk progressed through the entire subject of hero-worship, which Higsey presented in its various aspects, historic, poetic, and philosophical. For some half-hour Cromer was actually forgotten—or very nearly forgotten. Miss Gladdingale blushed when Higsey himself recalled the conversation to its starting-point—blushed to think how interested she had become in this dissertation. But, after all, was not hero-worship much more closely connected with Cromer than

with Higsey? and ought she not to understand the subject thoroughly, with a view to rescuing her betrothed—if such a thing might be—from his mental malady?

Lillian certainly used her friend to good purpose in the devising of a plan for the restoration of young Cromer to his self-possession. Their debates on the topic were frequent; and they finally, with the concurrence of Mrs. Cromer, hit upon an expedient which it was hoped might be effectual. Their scheme was as follows:

During some absence or absences of Cromer from the hill-house demesne, a force of men (to be lodged in the barn) was to be set at work renovating the defective part of the dwelling, so as to prepare it as soon as possible for occupancy. The youthful recluse never visited either the barn or any other part of the dwelling than that in which he had domiciled himself, being chiefly engaged in the open air, so that this part of the plan seemed practicable enough. As soon as the house had been put in readiness, arrangements were to be made suddenly on some occasion as if for the wedding of Lillian and Archibald. This, indeed, had shocked Miss Gladdingale because of its seeming forwardness; but it was urged that the wedding preparation was only a device, and good psychological authority had been given to maintain that the effect of such a mental surprise would be beneficial to the patient. Lillian was too sincere in her devotion to resist the project decisively. And, besides, when the young visionary's mother expressed herself reluctant to entail upon Miss Gladdingale a union with one who might prove permanently unsettled in his mind, she felt that it would be untrue to her engagement to hesitate at this stratagem, painful as it was. "Ought I not to do this," she said, "or even sacrifice my future peace and pleasure, if it can conduce to his recovery?"

But, while all this was maturing, Higsey found himself drifting into a distressing dilemma. His vague desires with reference to his own future acting with the interest he had come to feel in Miss Gladdingale's situation, ended in attaching his affections to her firmly and beyond recovery. I cannot tell how much he had made her feel of this new passion. He may have said much in an indirect way, though it is not probable that she could clearly have understood his allusions. The progress in repairs at the hill-house was good; but, as the plan thus progressed toward completion, Higsey—illogically enough, one might have thought, not knowing his heart—became less and less buoyant in his hopes for its success.

"There is only one way in which to end this trouble," he even allowed himself to say to Miss Gladdingale on one occasion; "and we have not yet resolved to take that way."

"What can it be?" she inquired, anxiously.

"Ah, if I could only tell you!"

"But you can; why not? You must tell me before it is too late. I am staking every thing upon our plan as it is now."

"Perhaps, then, I will tell you—before it is too late," replied Higsey, in a tone of repressed significance.

Miss Gladdingale only looked troubled, not in any way aware of the intense meaning Higsey's words had carried to himself.

After two or three weeks at the hill-house Cromer made ready to enter upon his first excursion among the haunts of men in his character of Græco-American hero. Accordingly, one afternoon, having clad himself in his tights, with a pair of rather gaudy, short-trunk hose, and the fool's cap to supplement them, he left his room and began to descend the long declivity toward the village. As we have seen, the public mind was not unprepared for such an interruption. Who first detected his approach, it would be difficult to say; but he had not gone far down the hill when the alarm was spread in the village that the young crazy man was coming, and without the proper complement of clothing upon him. Many persons closed their windows and shutters, as if a battle were about to take place. Others sought advice of their neighbors, and small groups of noisily-debating women were soon assembled in various kitchen-precincts. A troop of idle boys got wind of the adventure, and prepared to set upon the heels of the disordered wanderer with appropriate hootings. Above all, Hankford found himself triumphant, elevated to the dignity of a prophet. He left his anvil, and declared that nothing should now deter him from hunting the young athlete, with his dog, as he would a savage creature of the forest.

Poor Archibald, meanwhile, approached with lusty and springing step, pressing the grassy field beneath his thin slippers, or planting a firm foot on an occasional slab of rock, moving proudly always, and always toward the river and the village. Crossing the bridge, he drew within the scope of some among the nearer houses. All at once he was startled by a shrill cry:

"Go back!"

It was the voice of a spinster lady, resident in a house by the road, who had determined to sacrifice her convenience to the public good in this one endeavor to turn the possessed youth from his path. She had kept watch from behind a shutter, until he came within reach of voice, when she at once shrieked, and withdrew into an inner room. Cromer paused, looked, listened, and then, with a smile, moved on.

He met no one on the street, and went forward unmolested. But, when he came to the corner of the public square—Liberty Place—he suddenly heard the growl of a vicious bull-dog, and the next moment beheld Hankford's brute rushing furiously upon him. All his presence of mind was required to meet the emergency. He was clothed in almost nothing, had no implement of any kind with which to get the better of his brutish adversary, and knew that, if once the animal's tusks should be fixed in his flesh, he would be powerless from pain to apply his great muscular force in his own defense. He fixed his eyes keenly, fiercely upon the dog—it was but a few yards distant—and resolved upon his plan of action.

He waited where he was until the bull-dog had come within springing distance, his eyes still keeping count of every movement.

Then, when another leap would enable the animal to clutch him with his teeth—just, in fact, as the dog was making that leap—he darted aside, and sheltered himself for an instant behind the post of a wooden awning projecting in front of the building before which the encounter took place. The impetus of the excited brute's career carried him forward beyond the post. He gave a growl of rage, simultaneous with the fierce snap of his disappointed jaws. With scarcely a second's delay, Cromer whisked out again from his shelter.

It was useless to run in either direction, the dog would have caught him in an instant. Cromer saw approaching, from the other side of the square, a party of boys and young men, with Hankford at their head, and armed with sticks and stones. But, if their intention was to assist him, they were not alert enough, he saw at once. As he swept his eyes about over all surrounding objects, he observed within two feet of him a stone just large enough to give it power as a weapon, but small enough to permit a good hold upon it, and providentially pointed at one end. So quickly were these observations made, that the dog had not yet had time to turn himself, and was but a few feet away.

Cromer's plan had been to grasp the dog from behind, and, with all the force of which he was capable, to gripe him by the throat, and so choke him, or else, if he could, tear him to pieces, rather than allow himself to be bitten. He now modified it by possessing himself of the stone.

With one bound he had seized it and seized the dog. Then began a sharp and bitter struggle between the brute and the man. With his left hand, Cromer fastened the bulldog by the throat, so that he could not turn his head, nor move his jaws; with the other, he wielded the sharp-pointed stone. The dog strained and tore to get free, but Cromer would not relax his hold for an instant. Within three minutes the animal, what with this restraint and the effect of the sharp stone, was reduced to a state of inability for further combat. Then the young athlete released him, lifted himself to a standing posture, and turned the brute over with his foot. He was ready for the plaudits of the crowd.

But, instead of applause, he became aware of threats and curses in close proximity to him. Hankford, furious at the fate of his four-footed ally, was almost upon him, vituperating, and calling upon the troop of loafer boys to join in punishing the offender. At this juncture, the incongruity of the whole scene and circumstances with his own ideal plane of feeling smote in upon Cromer's mind abruptly, and filled him with dismay. For the first time, his scheme presented itself to him in an absurd light, and its folly was overwhelming to him. A single impetuous impulse seized him—the impulse to escape at once from his humiliating position. His mythological costume would favor this, at any rate. It was light and tight, and would assist him in running. He did not lose any time, but, throwing himself forward, shot away like an arrow before his pursuers in the direction he had come from.

Brought to a stand-still by a mere bundle

of canine muscles, and now hunted by a rabble of hooting village boys, Cromer's flight was ignominious enough. But, to the ignominy, bodily danger was added. Hankford, freshly incensed to see the young man escaping, sent his stick through the air after the runner. It whizzed over his head, narrowly missing him, and fell on the ground in advance of him. A light volley of stones then hurtled around the scurrying hero. One of them grazed his thigh, and spurred him on.

"Try for his legs!—his legs!" shouted the blacksmith.

But by this time Cromer had reached the bridge over the river. He preferred to avoid the chance of a laming by plunging into the water. As he did so, a pair of round stones, well aimed, flew through the space where his body had been a moment before. He knew the river well, and felt himself in the arms of a friend. As the little crowd came panting up to the bridge, he dived again, and swam away under the surface. They stood on the bridge wondering, and had time to cool the mad ardor of their attack on the wealthy young Græco-maniac; so that when he rose to the surface, some rods downstream, and within easy reach of the farther bank, they did not give chase. A few struck ahead again, in the hope of stopping him off somewhere, but, seeing Archibald at a distance, running evenly and apparently in good wind toward a cornfield, they desisted. At about the centre of the cornfield was a scarecrow, and toward this the young demi-god was making his way.

An extraordinary sight now offered itself to Hankford and his posse. They saw Cromer advance to the scarecrow, and disappear behind it. Presently, to their utter astonishment, the scarecrow seemed to move, and in another moment it began, beyond mistake, to recede from its place. Then the whole transaction became clear to the gazers. They raised a derisive, jeering chorus, and, turning away, took the direction of the village, seemingly well satisfied. The young aspirant for superhuman honors had, in full view of his vulgar opponents, transformed himself from the divine person of his visions into a common scarecrow!

While this episode was passing, Higsey, having found that Cromer would leave the house, had gone with Miss Gladdingale thither, to inspect and complete the necessary changes. They made their survey of the finished portions, and came into Cromer's room (which opened upon the hill-slope and the valley) to remove the paraphernalia of his craze, and to replace the statuettes and engravings in the festal decorations. As they worked, the young woman was twice startled by what seemed distant shouting, in the direction of the village.

"What is that?" she exclaimed. "I am exceptionally nervous to-day. I feel as if something might happen to poor Archibald at any moment."

"Do not think of that," said Higsey, "but of our work here, and the pretty home you are making."

Something which she could not define in the young merchant's voice startled Miss Gladdingale.

"Ah, a pretty home," she said. "Yes; but shall we ever be happy in it?"

Higsey looked eagerly at her.

"We?" he said, as if he did not clearly understand her. "You and he?"

"Hark! I thought I heard that shout again," interrupted his companion.

Higsey listened for a moment, but nothing more was audible to either of them. They had arranged the decorations, and both now drew near to the windows. To each of them, as they looked out upon the valley-scene, came a strong sense of impending events of great moment. They appeared to be gazing down into some fertile region of the future, and awaiting a decision of destiny. For the first time, for a moment only, there arose in Miss Gladdingale's heart a bewildering regret and dissatisfaction. Did she begin to doubt the excellence of being mated to a man who was a hero only in his own estimation. Just then Higsey spoke.

"I wish," said he, "that my life had as fair a vantage-ground as this. It seems almost hard that I should have been working here only to secure another man's happiness."

"Do you regret it?" she asked, idly, and with a feeling of utter purposelessness.

"I hardly know," he returned, as idly.

"Do you think," she continued, "that, if you had been working for your own happiness, you would have been content?"

"For my own happiness!" cried Higsey, unable to say more.

"You see how little pleasure it gives me," said Miss Gladdingale, "to have labored for my own happiness. Happiness, I see, is very uncertain."

"Miss Gladdingale—" began the young man.

"Look, look!" called she, suddenly. "What is that coming up toward the house?"

She pointed out of the window. The early twilight made the scene obscure, but Higsey could descry a form dressed in a strange medley of old, tattered clothes, with a broken stove-pipe hat on its head.

"Some vagabond," he said. "He looks like a scarecrow."

"It is getting dark," said Lilian, as if her energies had suddenly returned to her. "Will you take me back?"

Higsey offered his arm, but she was already in motion toward the front-door, and declined it. As they stepped out on the threshold-stone, Higsey bent down to pick a damask-rose for his pretty companion. A figure advanced, before he had risen, from behind the lilac-thickets. Miss Gladdingale started in affright.

"What do you want?" demanded Higsey, with the rose in his fingers. He recognized the shabby person who had startled them at the window.

"I want Miss Gladdingale as much as any thing," said Cromer, quietly, taking off his scarecrow hat.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Higsey.

Cromer came up to Lilian.

"Don't be frightened," he said, tenderly. "I've done with mythology, and have come to you 'clothed and in my right mind'—though shabbily clothed, I admit."

They all three went back into the house,

Higsey still holding on to the plucked rose in a stupefied way.

"What have you been doing here?" asked the disguised hero, seeing the changes in his room.

"I have been helping to prepare for your wedding," said his chum, quickly, yet with a jarring consciousness of truth and falsehood mingling in his words.

"Good!" exclaimed the other.

He drew Lillian within his arm. It was easy for her to recognize her hero now, though under those tatters. There was no more lassitude or regret in her mind.

"Ah, Lillian," said Cromer, "I see where my only apotheosis is to be. Your heart will hold me higher than any of the Greek heroes have ever been raised. What a wild fool I have been!"

"No, no!" exclaimed Lillian, with troubled eyes. "You must not call yourself that! What you have thought and felt and done will never be lost. I am sure you will reform the world a great deal, and teach men the nobleness and necessity of beautiful physical development."

Cromer felt that she was mainly right, and let her know it by a pressure of the hand; but continued, in a facetious strain, that proved his thorough cure: "We will call the place Crazycroft, at any rate, in commemoration.—Remember, Higsey, you have a standing invitation to visit Crazycroft."

It was found necessary to let the fresh garlands of Higsey's placing wither, and some weeks pass, before the real wedding could take the place of its forecast shadow. Higsey, heedless of remonstrance, would not wait for the ceremony, but returned to town the next day, carrying in his pocket-book a freshly-folded damask-rose, and, strapped up with his overcoat and umbrella, a stick cut from the woods. The rose became a record to him; the stick a score of fruitless schemings. "Happiness is uncertain," he mused, as he traveled away.

Some fortitude was required of Cromer to take up a life of sense and soberness at Crazycroft; but he did it, and is happy there, I am told. A strong reaction soon set in against Hankford, and his participators in the memorable man-chase. There were even hints of a possible prosecution. And the blacksmith, ignorant of the service his brutish opposition had rendered in restoring Cromer, and wholly unrequited for his lost bull-dog, hastily decamped from the vicinity, and never reappeared there.

G. P. LATHROP.

AMERICAN SUMMER RESORTS.

III.

SARATOGA.

AT Saratoga, at half-past four in the morning, an hour when none but ootogenarians are thought to be astir, I heard a rap at my door. It was Helena.

"Good-morning! Well?"

"Uncle Joe, I am going out to get a little of the Columbian or the Washington, I am

not decided which. It is pretty hard to make up one's mind so early, and Jack has quite forgotten the chemical properties. I think that I need iron; he says bicarbonate of baryta. What do you think?"

I afterward discovered that it was entirely natural that she should drink spring-water or do any thing else at any hour and under any circumstances while she was in Saratoga; but, not knowing it then, I frankly advised her to go back to her chamber, and nod in her chair for two hours more. I heard her sigh, even through the panels of the door.

"That is impossible," returned Jack; "she is all ready to drink, and Jupiter himself can't move her. She has got her rings on."

That settled the matter. I gave the best advice that remained, and the fairest of the fair went off jubilant, with her sleepy lord.

We had returned from the country. We had flown from Nature to man once more, and Helena had borne us into what is known, with a somewhat liberal and sinister interpretation, as the vortex. In a short five hours we had been cast from a world of quiet and green into a pretty town, that swarmed with liveries and silk attires, and where everybody danced and seemed to be rich.

It was easy enough to understand that a certain exhilaration might be sure to seize one suddenly conveyed from the mountains into the society of thirty thousand souls upon pleasure bent; yet, upon my word, I was not prepared to hear from Helena at sunrise. I ventured to consider the incident (a very inconsiderable one, no doubt, in popular estimation) to be a fair one in support of a belief of mine that, of all places in the country, Saratoga, in midsummer, is the one great place for the aëration of languid and precipitated souls.

A faint flush of the real glow of a Saratoga-day may steal over one at the earliest hour of the morning. Even the death-like silence of the huge hotels, the bareness of the cool and almost endless corridors, supply a feeling something akin to exultation. The streets, lined with trees whose branches move gently in the morning air, and the enormous fronts of the houses, with their lofty colonnades half shown and half hidden by the verdure, excite in one a curious sort of happiness that, if I dared, I would call glee. That such a feeling is not exceptional is to be seen by glancing at the features of the few drinkers who thus early come out to the springs to get their water. There is not a man of them who does not bear a smile upon his face, or show that there is one immediately in the rear of it ready for use. The venerable gentlewomen, with goblets, and sticks to lean upon, and maids to wait; the ancient gentlemen with stocks and black cravats and Jackson coats; the creeping invalids, in wheelers or on their timid feet; the men of will, who march their stated miles and drink their stated cups as the sun travels; the servants with pitchers to fill; the sweet delights, with feathered hats and tilting sun-shades—all carry in their features that look that partakes of gayety and gravity, and that leads one on to feel a friendliness for the whole of his kind.

I happened upon Helena at the Columbian

Pavilion. She was drinking iron-water, in company with six other silent and earnest folk, and I saw her pay the freckled lad for a second glass. The sunlight slanted down through the boughs of the trees on the hill behind, and some of it fell between the pillars of the white temple and rested upon our maid. The edge of the stained glass touched the tenderest of nether lips, and the white wrist turned slowly outward; by degrees the charming head, flowers, and hat, and all, sank gradually back, and there was a reluctant and ravishing series of convulsions in the Hebe throat. The long lashes sank near the velvet cheek, and the beaming blue eyes dwelt with gentle complacency upon the emptying glass. Then, in another instant, there was a quick recovery. She fluttered from head to foot, and returned to life a thing of joy. She had achieved a victory; she glowed, and her eyes danced; she smiled, and her teeth glistened; then she uttered a rippling laugh, that made the birds sing in the branches.

O Jack, Jack! how couldst thou look on this unmoved? How quick did marriage divorce from this sweet creature thy once ardent soul!

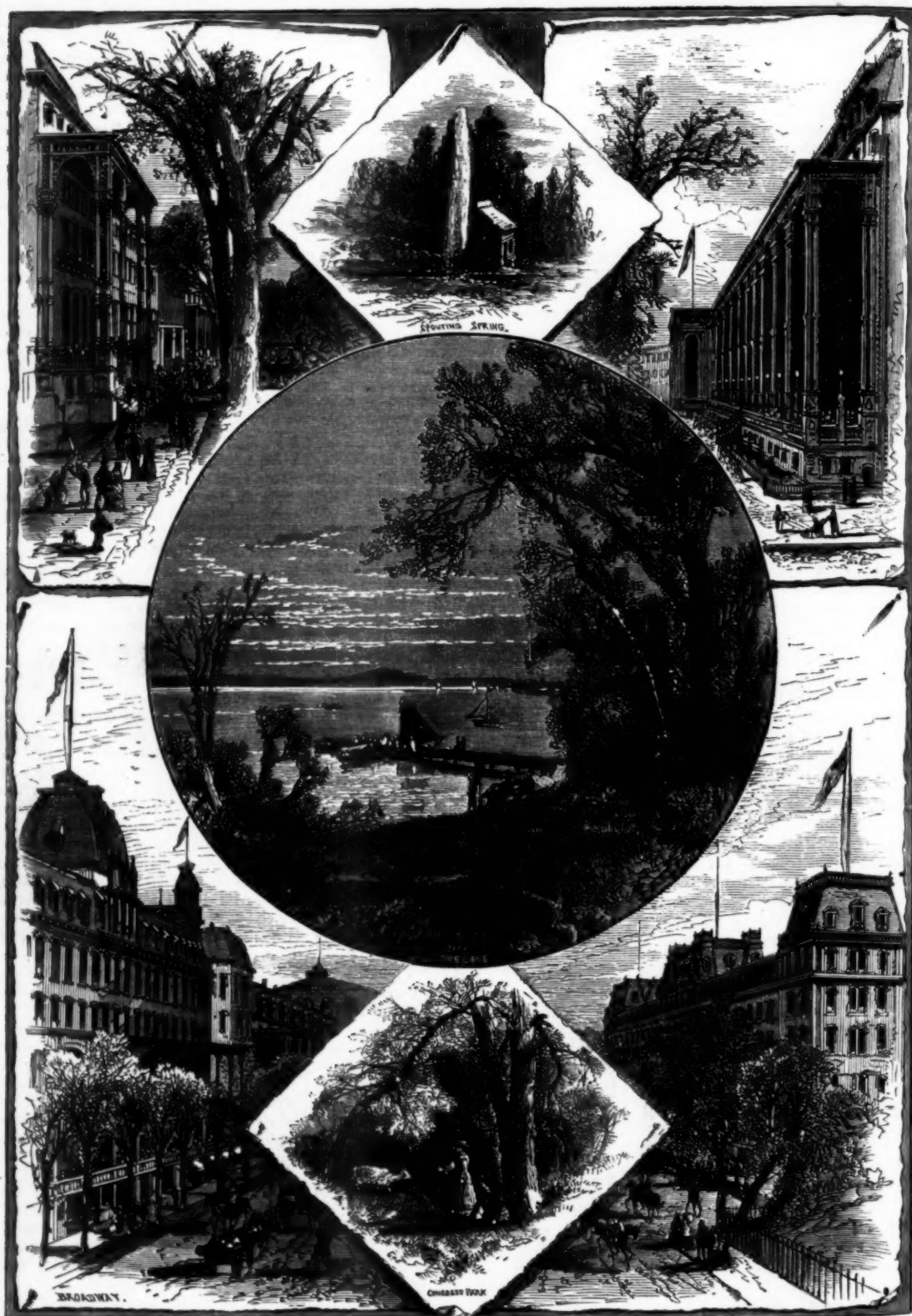
In the middle of the morning I saw her again, making the round of the hotels in search of friends.

The day was bright and the houses were filled to their utmost capacity. A cooling breeze stole through the gardens, and through the great halls and parlors. Every window and every door was open. In all directions there were throngs of people. Look where one might, there was a crowd. The multitude, with its laces and its fine coats, distributed itself like water, and overran every thing. No nook or niche escaped from it. The chairs on the piazzas, the chats in the gardens, the walks amid the lawns in the court-yards, the balconies under the porticoes, the long windows that look from the parlors, the small windows far up above the topmost branches of the trees in the turrets, the offices, the steps, the side-walks, the shops, the parks, the springs, all had their complements of chatting and laughing people. The streets were full of action. Carriages, four deep, with liveried drivers and glistening panels, rested under the shade of the elms, while the lane in the middle was thronged with fine-stepping horses, and wagons of high degree. The noise, too, was most prodigious.

The bands were playing in all the great hotels, and their faint chords and discords penetrated the thunder of the talking and walking, and gave a dash of refinement to the tremendous roar. There was a substratum of clatter of dishes and silver-ware, together with a rustle of leaves in the wind, but the real burden was a tumult of chat and foot-falls.

These sights and sounds, though not novel to her, caused Helena's spirit to expand.

She arose visibly in height as she walked the length of the parlors, and felt the kindly scrutiny of hundreds of her peers in dress and beauty. She gazed upon the broad green gardens, at the hundreds of lamps, at the almost endless wings of the house, with their colonnades and innumerable pillars, and she



SARATOGA.

inhaled the atmosphere of her ante-marital flirting-ground as an ancient actor might gladly drink the gaseous air of his whilom stage.

She nodded right and left, and found a friend in every group. They kissed her at the Clarendon, the Union, the Grand Union, the Congress, and the United States, and were loath to let her go.

Jack took pride in this.

"Helena, now that your status as a woman is irrevocably fixed, they seem glad to see you."

"Thank you, sir; they do indeed. But ah, Jack, after all it makes me sad."

"What does—sight of the world?"

"Oh, these encounters, these yearly meetings. Indeed, I think it would be as pleasant, on the whole, if people who neither have nor can have any special interest in the affairs of each other, were to meet but once. But I suppose it can't be arranged. To be sure, I have seen to-day many girls that are more elegant and matured than when I saw them last, but I have also seen many effects of the year's decay, and it makes me feel very downcast. I have seen old people, that were here as guests when I was a child in short skirts, and their very welcome reminds me, not that I am older, but that they are very much older. They come with their diamonds and servants and drink the waters, but yet their eyes grow more dull and their voices more thin, and their backs more bent, and their memories more uncertain, and it is I that see these differences as each summer comes around. And they seem to sit in just the same places, and I know they divide the days into half-hours, and that they write weekly to their physicians at home to seek advice. They carry on hard struggles, and yet I can see how surely they are falling."

She said no more for ten minutes. Then she went to dress for dinner.

The dinner at Saratoga is the king-pin upon which swings the day. The events of the morning are all regarded with consideration for this noisy hour. Its near approach is heralded by a silence through all the town, that grows more dead as the time comes on, and finally settles into a calm, like that which immediately preceded the blessed shower of nutmegs that fell upon Bagdad. At three the people eat. In one hotel, for instance, persons sit down before lists of dishes in a hall acres broad. Each has a tongue, a goblet with ice in it, six or seven spoons, four knives and four forks, and fifteen crockery dishes. There are also waiters, each of whom, no doubt, makes at least five journeys over a wooden floor for each man that sits at his table. Fancy, if you can, the din that arises out of all this. The tumult at Lodore has been materially analyzed, but another cycle must elapse before a philologist may arise to fulfill the requirements of this new uproar.

At Saratoga the throng sits down before silver and white linen, in silk and jewels. There are a few children in marseilles, and the men wear coats that fit. Every third table has its foreigner, and every other third its native judge or general. Women, noted as appellants in court, or as millionaires, or as beauties of the day, or of a former day, and men who have high repute, sit closely

together. They eat as children eat, and spread out their napkins and search the bills for something good. They select and cut, and open their mouths and swallow, and grow more cheerful and witty, like all other offspring of Nature. The business of the dinner goes furiously on about them, but they know nothing of it, and they devour until their hunger, which is infamously like the hunger of the waiters and chambermaids, is a little more than fully appeased. Refinement requires to be fortified; grace can be grace no longer if a schism breaks out between elegance and appetite.

Helena had a defined liking for the dining-room.

"I enjoy the entrances and the exits," said she. "I take pleasure in sweeping in and sweeping out, and nodding like a mandarin all around the room. I know it may be thought a little wild; but you know I always feel a wildness in Saratoga. I cannot help it. I even do my hair up differently than I do at Newport."

After dinner, *dolce far niente*. Two hours of repose, of reflection—a period when the body sinks, as if forever, upon a piazza-chair, and the senses fall into a sweet confusion, which forbids them to notice any thing, or yet to fully ignore what seems to be going on.

People stroll past, arm-in-arm; innumerable foot-falls and innumerable voices and endless laughter combine and make a murmur that soothes the spirit; the half-shut eyes take in the sun, the shaded street, the crowd, the throng of carriages, the glistening globes upon the lamp-posts, the dark trunks of the trees, the slender pillars upon the house façades; yet they separate no one object from its neighbor, but permit them to mingle together into one dreamy and delightful whole.

But one must drink the waters. A resting-place may be found in a kitchen-garden, but not so a tonic spring. At five it is required by a potent custom that every man and every woman shall come down into the street and wend his and her way to the wells, there to obey prescriptions and to satisfy the bibulous spirit of the town.

Upon this excursion one takes his tasseled cane in preference to the hickory stick permitted in early morning, and he assumes a gravity and a longer step. It is a time for ceremony. Drinking at this hour is a serious matter.

The companionable look that marked the morning face is now no longer seen. In place of it one meets a gaze compounded of respect and commiseration. The effect is to develop in the recipient a feeling of invalidism. The routes to the wells are filled with concourses that meet, intermingle, struggle, and then separate, and pass on in capital order, with laces, skirts, and parasols, moving like the banners and camel-cloths of a desert caravan. Some of these concourses stray out into fields and groves, and gather at their shrines and bow (backward) to their gods; and some slip off in hidden and half-mysterious lanes, and walk down behind buildings and lose themselves among fences and walls, reminding one of the children of Hamelin Town—but you remember.

Helena always enjoys a drive at Saratoga,

though I really am unable to say why she should, unless her (asserted) liking for noise and throngs has something to do with it.

There had been an excitement at the lake; a boat-race, no doubt; people do paddle there now and then, and the throng that had been drawn from the town was just returning.

I stepped out of the garden of the Circular Railway immediately after I had finished the five turns that constitute my regular exercise, and was lucky enough to see the very thick of the cavalcade. I walked back a little upon the path to witness the rout in all its glory.

From out of the road there arose a cloud of dust, which was then illuminated by the yellow rays of the sun. This hung over and about three lines of travelers, one on either side of the road, consisting of walkers; while the third, in the centre, was composed of a broad stream of carriages, whose glass windows and slowly-turning wheels glistened in the light, and whose horses neighed and stamped at the slowness of the movement. The people on foot were all laughing; those in the carriages were all smiling. The air was filled with good jokes, and the noise of the tramping was tremendous. As far as the eye could reach, up-hill and down-dale, there came on the triple serpent of people, winding in and out of view, and always advancing. Just as I began to admire the fine good-nature of the pilgrims afoot and the delightful beauty of the ladies that rode, I perceived Helena. I cannot say that she was radiant, although, in a literal sense, she may have been so, for I wish to hold the adjective in reserve for a better moment. She was upon the upper seat of B—'s drag, and B— himself, upon the driver's cushion, held the reins. (Jack and Mrs. B— were below, with two others, chatting.) Helena was dressed in some sort of thin, black stuff, and she had a black hat, with a little color in it, and a parasol. She was high up in the air, and in the midst of a saffron cloud. She was beaming. The rush, the noise, the champing, the snapping, the glee, the perpetual pressing forward, the ardent speed of the walkers, the amusement of the riders, the glory of the sky, the warmth of the air—all electrified her. Immediately before her was a landau, with a stupid driver. He afforded the dash of danger that was required. On either side was the carriage of an acquaintance. I could see that Helena felt heroic. There was a suggestion of the old Roman triumph in all this; there was even a touch of battle, of marching (perhaps to the relief of a beleaguered garrison); and I do not doubt but she felt all the splendid zeal of a Scott at a city of Mexico. She saw me. She made three divine motions at once: She parted her lips like a flash from over her glistening teeth, smiled, and gave her eyebrows a sudden elevation, and at the same instant danced with her parasol a single dance in the air. Volumes could not have asked one more. Did I understand how this was? Did I notice the elegance and richness of those carriages, trappings, and dresses? Did I hear this tumultuous rushing and struggling? Was I aware that this was the supreme hour of sunset, and that all this crowd flocking

along through these clouds of gold, that all these noble horses that so chafed and arched their necks, and whose aides ran with foam, composed a scene that was just too splendid for any thing? (That is a phrase of hers, and also, I believe, of a hundred thousand of other New-York young women; and all that man and angels may do cannot cause its retirement.)

And the evening was yet to come. Each Saratoga-day expires in what the pyrotechnists would call a "glory of rockets!" It finishes like a time of special rejoicing, and this excess of joy, this overflow, finds a true and proper vent in hops. When the thousand lamps in the parlors, gardens, balconies, piazzas, upper halls, chambers, shops, and streets, are made to glow, then the feet of the light-hearted become unmanageable.

Half the people step down from their hotels and promenade the walks and visit friends in other houses. The streams of the moving flow once more, though they now bear a different coloring. Dancers and their *chaperons*, and the partners of the dancers, now block and illuminate the way.

A torrent, yes, an actual torrent of girls (matronized) surges along the sidewalks and pours in and out of the doors and the low piazza-windows. Here and there an eddy forms a sort of swirl of maids, mothers, and gentlemen, and frequently a little pool of white-heads gather in a nook, whence there is an easy outlook, and gaze, silent and motionless, at the gay doings of those that are fresher in the flood. I knew that Helena, if not already in a ballroom, must be at least on her way to one. It was high time, for the pipes were playing. One could hear them on every hand. The pleasant strains came out to the streets, and the air was filled with hints of melody.

It was a pleasure to watch the processions of people move on from the light to the shadow and into the light again. The exquisite faces and heads of the women, decorated with jewels that sparkled with sudden brilliance, were made wonderfully lovely by this rapid development of light athwart their paths, and I do not mind admitting that I strolled about an hour or more, solely occupied in watching the glories that the gas developed.

It was eleven o'clock before I came upon Helena. She was passing from the Grand Union to Congress Hall. Jack was with her, and she wore her finest "set." Upon her shoulders was a white pelisse (I think it was a pelisse), and its light hood half covered her shapely head. The glare from a street-lamp enabled me to single her out, for her features were encircled with white sparkles. She professed herself to be at the very door of an immense joy.

"What is to be?"

She laid her gloved hand upon my arm.

"I am going to dance with the best waltzer in New York. I hear that he is in town. I think he used to adore me before I was married." She uttered a sigh, and, casting down her eyes, turned her face to the light, and inclined her head in a most mournful way.

Jack and I exchanged glances. Then she awoke, as if she suddenly recalled that this was not the best manner for a wife, and she

chirruped with admirable spirit and continuity until Jack in his misery dragged her away.

I had been half afraid of something like this when first we placed our feet in the gay and forward town, and I had felt that there was that in the temper of the place that bore severely on the bounds of complete modesty. It is but an indifferent school for daughters and young wives where, in beautiful midsummer, God and Nature do not appear among the instructors. To withdraw a child from a city season, and to let her loose in Saratoga for recuperation and refreshment of body and soul, is like transplanting flowers from a scorching green-house to a sunburnt desert. There is nothing in Saratoga fit for a young spirit to dwell upon. Do you yourself recall the manners of the young women that you have seen there in the walks, the gardens, the drives, and parlors? Did they not bear themselves either with shyness (which was a clear assumption) or an effrontery which chilled you to the bones? Did they not stare at you with upraised chins in a manner shrewdly patterned upon childlike simplicity and frankness until you lost your self-possession? Did they not gaze into your eyes and laugh so immoderately, and open their mouths so wide, that you were forced to say "Hoyden" behind your lips? When they successively took your arm and walked away for the floor, or for an ice after an hour's acquaintance, did you not exclaim to yourself in consequence of their manners, "Can it be possible that she thinks me rich? Does she love me?" Did you not mark the anachronism of the elaborate coiffure, the queen-like dress, and the downcast lids, so timid, so reluctant, so apprehensive, lest a gaze should penetrate to the eyes they hide? Also that that lay between a Quaker-like modesty of attire and a look so full of worldliness and calculation, that there recurred to you on the instant the wolf in the clothing of the sheep? And, after having caught these hints, did you not search the length and breadth of the town in the hope that this perversion of youthfulness was not a characteristic of the place—and were you not overwhelmingly disappointed?

I sought Helena.

But she danced with Jack, and with him only. I afterward discovered that they had had a difference as to the advisability of shaking Worcestershire sauce before pouring it upon fish, and that Jack had sulked in consequence, and had given out his intention not to waltz a step that night on account of weariness. Hence Helena's little artifice, which, upon examination, proved not to have been an artifice at all, she having alluded solely and honorably to Jack all the while. Still I do not take back the irritable words I have written above. Even a fault-finder has his province in some lands. They made the round of the ballrooms together, and mingled with the hotel parties in succession, as if born for routs and frolics. I came upon them at the Congress. The ballroom was full, and the music was delightful. The hall was radiant with light; throngs of heroes and heroines, awaiting opportunities to slip into the silken and sweeping crush upon the floor, stood six deep all around the edge, glistening with jewels and glowing with the richest colors.

An etherealized and resplendent hundred held the ground; and, unmindful of the heat, the hour, or the smallness of the circuits allotted to them, they went strangely round and round, swallowed up in ecstasy, drowned in the rhythm and melody of a tune. The soft slipping of the feet, the softer panting of a few that were weary, the rattle of bracelets and golden chains, the brush and crackle of silk, and the low, soft laugh that now and then arose from the sailing multitude, were far more musical than the band itself.

Helena and Jack were in the very thick of it, but they were Helena and Jack no longer. They were again the immaculate, refugent, soaring unit of the year before. They saw no one; they said nothing; they doubtless thought of nothing. Had the brilliant dresses that surrounded them changed to calico, had the perfumed air turned into a salty breeze, had the light of day suddenly poured in at the windows, had the polished floor turned into a grassy sward, or had any of the gay and entrancing conditions of the moment received a disturbance, they would have returned to wretched life as suddenly as Aladdin returned to his father's shop-board. But Helena was spared for a moment. Her face was grave, her eyes were dreamy, and her head bent. She was in a cloud. I lost her. Then I found her by the spray of stones in her hair. She came back, and then she fled again; the matchless whirl gathered her in, then turned her out, still dancing, still dreaming, like all the rest.

But the revulsion came. There was an immense blaze, which made the gas-lights leap, then a shock, then a pause, then a burst of sighs so deep that could Apollo have heard he would have tuned his lyre at least once more.

The waltz was the last. It was twelve o'clock. The people began to go away, and Helena cried to me:

"Ah! Uncle Jack, *this* is Saratoga. Saratoga is the waltz. The waltz is Saratoga. To speak of one is to speak of the other. We stay two weeks longer."

We did.

ALBERT F. WESTER.

A GUST OF FRESH AIR.

"IT really is too provoking—much too provoking of papa!"

"Ha, ha, ha! What our English friend Kate would call 'awfully jolly provoking,' eh?"

Assertion and rejoinder which opened a confab between Claudine and Winona Harker one sultry noon at the end of May—the scene being Nona's bedroom at the roomy family residence of the Harkers, well up-town, New York. Claudine was not, as young ladies of nineteen go, either undutiful nor a domestic revolutionist; indeed, it was her younger sister—one year younger—who was supposed to be the rebel of the family, but even Nona could not have held the position a day had there been a real rebel among either the two sisters or three brothers—with which latter this sketch deals not—who composed the Harker olive-branches. As it was, the appointment was considered a weak one, and

chiefly attributable to a pair of adorably pouting lips, a habit of shrugging two very white shoulders when contradicted, and a decided tendency she had to tears and exit when provoked.

"You always laugh, as you always cry, Nona, in the wrong place. Here have I been down on my knees to papa—figuratively, of course—and, having failed in my last appeal, I come to my sister for a little consolation, and she only grins in my face!" And Claudine, who is full of her wrongs now, and full of her privileges as a rich widower's eldest girl at all times, stalks her beauty—it is of a more queenly kind than Nona's—up and down the room, like Juno in a rage. But *la cadette*, who is never to be softened by a rebuke, simply puts the practical question:

"But why won't he take us to Long Branch this year?"

"Such a ridiculous reason!—he says it's too hot."

"As if every place wasn't the same!"

"He pretends he has found a really cool place where it never is hot; but he owns he can hear of no other merit it has, and fears we shall be dull. Besides, I feel that we shall die of heat there. I hope so, I'm sure. Serve him right!"

"But where is it?"

"Do you think I was going to encourage him by asking? O Nona, how little you know me!"

"I thought he might have told you."

"Well, then, he didn't."

"Well, then, Claudine," said the rebel, with one of those sudden changes of manner not uninfrequent with her, "I will be sorry, and I do feel for you!"

"For me!" said the other; "why, it's just as bad for you."

"But Percy Blair is going to Long Branch, and you won't see him again till the fall, if then, and—"

"Hush, for Heaven's sake!" eagerly exclaimed Miss Harker, to drown any further indiscretion on Nona's part; at the same time stopping her mouth with her hand—for have not walls ears? "Not a living soul on the whole earth knows that I care for him the tiniest atom except you. I should sink into the ground if anybody did!"

So engrossed were the young ladies in their topic, that they were then, and long, long after, quite unaware that a visitor had arrived, and was closeted in anxious debate with that cruel parent who had refused to take his dear girls to Long Branch, and that that visitor was handsome, young, gallant—in a word, he was the Percy of Claudine's little romance.

Now, Harker *père* was a fine, florid, but terribly stout gentleman, who had, indeed, tried to diminish his bulk by the celebrated Banting system, when, after a sharp attack of illness, his doctor had frightened him into it; but he gave it up as soon as health returned, finding that the list of forbidden good things comprised those very delicacies he most delighted in. However, just before "putting the muzzle on," as he called it, the said doctor had also made him get weighed in his presence, and, not considering it a professional secret, had communicated the result to

another fat man, one Barker, formerly a schoolmate of Harker's, and still his friend and opposite neighbor; and this Barker was so delighted at finding his dear old friend to be two pounds and one ounce nearer to apoplexy than himself that he went about telling everybody, which Harker discovering, swore he would be revenged on that traitor of a doctor, and "bant" no more. He subsequently pondered on this spirited course to such good purpose as at last satisfactorily to persuade himself that green peas and Charlotte-rusae had no influence in the matter of health or weight.

So the poor man grew fatter and fatter, and, as each summer came round, he offered a stronger example of that natural phenomenon—a large mass continually melting without becoming any smaller; and he had figured as a terribly typical martyr to heat at Saratoga, Long Branch, Newport, and wherever Fashion had bidden him swelter, for many seasons past. Now, whether Barker felt some reparation was still due to his friend for that little matter of weight, and that, having now the better of him, he could afford to alleviate his torments, or whether he acted from the meaner motive of wanting to watch him at every meal as a sort of safety or test valve, by which to regulate and excuse his own epicurean excesses, certain it is that he wrote him the following note, two days before our little tale began:

"—HOUSE, NEW LONDON, CONN.

"DEAR HARKER: I see by the papers you had 101° of heat yesterday. Why don't you come down and shiver with me here? *Experto crede.* Yours,

"DANIEL LAMBERT BARKER.

"P. S.—The living here is excellent. Wonderful lobsters! So fat and red! I never eat one without thinking of you—because you are so fond of them, I mean."

Poor, innocent Barker! *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse!* That last line very nearly prevented Harker from going. But no, the temptation was too great. The idea of shivering and devouring his favorite unwholesomeness at the same time was too much for his sensitiveness. He was, like so many others, a very obliging man when no sacrifice was demanded of him. He was even more than this. He had a sort of passion for doing favors that cost him nothing, and made a kind of hobby of it. He used to stroke himself down in spirit afterward, and feel noble and benignant.

It so happened that the errand on which Percy Blair had come was particularly well timed, both as to the mood and views of this fat rich man on this particular morning—not only in its primary object, which was to lay his heart, his yacht, his Scotch moors, and deer-forest, his fine, tawny whiskers, and all his lesser valuables, at the feet of Miss Harker; but, still more, with regard to the *modus operandi* or little plot which the lover laid before the sire with no little pride, as having been concocted entirely out of his own Apollo-like—but, the world said, not very sapient—head. After the first salutations and a brief statement of the great object of his visit were over, Five-and-twenty proceeded to address Fifty as follows:

"You see, of course, I'm charmed to find I've your support, and all that sort of thing; but, my dear Mr. Harker, though I don't think your daughter dislikes me, my acquaintance with her is not yet two months old; and, in fact, it has been so entirely limited to ball-rooms and a few rides in Central Park, that I really—really, I mean—can hardly flatter myself, you know. Now, it's quite on the cards, she might say 'No,' and I shouldn't like that; because—I mean—I think—nothing sets a girl so against a fellow as having refused him. He may win after all, but still a refusal is so much dead-weight he has to carry. So I wanted you not to say any thing about my hopes just yet. I suppose you are all going somewhere for the summer; but, if you go to a crowded watering-place, you see, full of fashion and excitement—though, of course, I should be there—it will be only a second edition of the life we have been leading here. There may be a dozen other fellows making up to her—of course, there would be—and one hates being jostled. Now, I've been thinking—if you wouldn't mind, you know—that, supposing you went down, just for this once, to some quiet spot—I fancy girls are always more likely to like a fellow in a quiet spot—I might arrive there by the merest chance, and—well, I'm a bad hand at a long explanation, I know—but my skipper said in his last he'd have the Snow-flake—that's my new yacht—over in about a week from now, and water-parties, and all that sort of thing—what do you think, in short?"

And so ended the longest speech this transatlantic *déjà* was ever known to utter, to which Papa Harker thus responded, stretching out both hands for the right one of his brother-conspirator, across the table which divided them:

"My dear sir, my very dear sir, nothing would possibly be wiser or more in accordance with my views than what you suggest. To be sure, my darling girls had seemed to set their hearts upon Long Branch for their outing; but, while only too much inclined to indulgence, I have ever taught them to bend *à loco* to a father's will. I'll turn over in my mind where it will be best to go" (artful man!), "and you shall hear from me in a day or two."

Penetrated with gratitude, Percy forthwith took his leave, and ten minutes afterward was rewarding himself for the masterly accomplishment of his morning's work with a very dry cigar imported from London (?), and of about the same age as his whiskers, a little French brandy and a bottle of English soda-water, at the Brevoort House, where he and Mr. Graveley, his valet, had dwelt with an equal degree of superb condescension ever since they had been kind enough to come to New York.

Three weeks have been added to the world's age since the above momentous morning. The good ship Boston, sailing at five p. m., has safely landed the Harkers at New London soon after midnight, and their own carriage and pair, sent on by a previous boat, met them at the wharf, and bore them swiftly along the shell-road to the — House, some two miles distant, where it stands, like a

mother surrounded by her family, on a green lawn, whence you can throw a stone into the sea.

The family consists of a number of villas dotted about, and inhabited by the overflow from the parent edifice, where alone the meals are partaken of. They are, in fact, lay chapels of ease. None of three hundred guests here assembled seem so terribly afraid of drifting into acquaintance with the rest as is generally the case at larger watering-places, where those who consider themselves magnates often think it necessary to keep up a constant attitude of self-defense, as fatiguing to themselves as disagreeable to their neighbors.

All goes merrily as a marriage-bell. Pretty children, prettily dressed, sport about in all directions, especially on the roof of the ladies' bathing-houses, which nestle snugly under the bluff, and where the little creatures look like flowers in a bouquet. A good brass band plays twice a day, and already two quite successful hops have taken place.

Both Harker and Barker have made several *bona-fide* approaches at a shiver, and the former fully confirms all the latter had written about the goodness of the *cuisine*.

But why, notwithstanding all this, is Mademoiselle Claudine so silent and so grave?

"What's this dull town to me,
Robin's not here?"

At odd times, when she can get the room to herself, she steals to the grand Chickering piano—like herself, rather out of tune—and warbles the above ditty. To-day her sister catches her in the act, and is resolved to torment her a little in the hope of rousing her from her dullness and sentimentality; for, indeed, she seems quite

"Mewed up in her heaviness."

"Well, I declare," begins Nona, "before I'd pine and sing heigho for a man who never yet declared himself!"

"What on earth do you mean? I sing 'Robin' only for the air; I hate the words. Besides, I don't love anybody; so your sneer is wasted on me. I can't conceive a girl having so little spirit as to care for a man before he tells her he loves her!" Then, forgetting her pride, and with a sudden burst of feeling: "O Nona! he's at Long Branch. I saw it in the paper. At the Continental in his yacht. Isn't it dreadful?"

"Why, yes, it must be rather inconvenient."

"Inconvenient!"

"For the hotel, I mean, if he's there in his yacht."

"Oh, you always think it so clever to take one up for a slip in grammar."

"But, seriously, Claudine, the man would never suit you."

"Yes, he would suit me."

"He must have a contemptible spirit not to follow you here."

"How can he go to a place he never heard of in the whole course of his life? Ridiculous! Besides, he doesn't know we are here."

"Whatever you admire him for I don't know. He's good-looking, I own, but there's nothing in him. If he lost his fortune tomorrow, he couldn't earn a cent."

"So much the better! That's so grand! It's what I lo—what I like best in him. The vulgarst thing about our nation is all the men's being brought up to *make* money. Blair only *spends* it."

"If you talk such nonsense as that, I shall get angry. I only attacked him for fun, but if you really mean—"

"I do, then. I don't care, and I think I'm quite right! If you ask any of our best matches at a ball whether he has read so-and-so, he tells you he's had no time. If you want him for a picture-gallery next morning, he's 'down-town'—ugh!" This was getting too much for Nona, who was nothing if not patriotic, and she exploded, accordingly, with—

"Then let me tell you I am proud of our dear, busy countrymen! Yes, and I think more of the little finger of any one of them than of all the idle dandies and bloated aristocrats on the other side! And it's lucky if you do marry a Scotchman; for it's quite clear to me you are unworthy the name of an American girl!" And it is to be feared there was much truth in the charge, and that Miss Harker's opinions as to politics, nationalities, and things in general, had of late become decidedly heterodox. But then was not the poor girl under the wand of that god who, blind himself, takes his revenge by making us all look through colored spectacles?

So Claudine went on:

"Blair's cousin is Viscount Loch Ginty, and his mother was a daughter of the Earl of McNab!"

"Well! I defy you to show that he's any the better for that."

"He's in a higher set, and thought more of *for that*!" The dispute was assuming unwonted heat, and it was perhaps as well that papa here entered and proposed a walk along the shell-road toward New London.

The reader must be kind enough not to impute more faults to poor Claudine than the fair share of that commodity which certainly belonged to her. Though no word that could be construed into a declaration had ever passed Blair's lips, she was by no means guilty of having, as her *taquinante* sister pretended, bestowed her young affections without feeling certain that she was only responding to a love as strong as it was honorable. Her woman's wit had told her from the first that the young Highlander had come, had seen, and was conquered; and, moreover, that he "meant business," as the *mammas* say. If it be thought that she was unduly plain-spoken in the above little skirmish with Winona, the excuse must be found in a sentiment which she invariably uttered in all the "makes-up," which never failed to follow close upon such little scenes, "What is the use of a sister if you can't quarrel with her, and tell her every thing?" Indeed, she was for the most part as sweet a girl as you would care to meet in a long summer's day; but this matter of coming to the wrong place had sorely tried her amiability. It is hard upon a girl, when her whole future is at stake, not to be allowed that fair chance to which, on such an occasion, she naturally thinks herself entitled. Some will wonder why she did not tell all to her father, who in that case

could hardly have remained obdurate, but Claudine was not nearly so intimate with Mr. Harker as she was with her sister; and, though he was far from being an unkind father, he lacked that thorough unselfishness which can alone inspire what ought to be a parent's highest ambition—unrestrained confidence on the part of his children.

"But, my dears," said Mr. Harker, as they prepared to start, "what dowdy figures you are to-day!"

"Oh, these dresses will do well enough on that lonesome road," rejoined the eldest; "we can change them for dinner, though I don't see the use. This isn't Long Branch, you know."

"Well," pursued he, "oblige me by putting on the green and white, with hats to match, that I liked so much the other day."

With a shrug from the rebel, and a *moue* from Claudine, the order was obeyed; for there was too much *savoir-vivre* about these sisters for them ever to make a fuss in trifling matters. The change accomplished, the trio were issuing forth by the piazza, when they came upon him whom the Misses Harkers regarded as the author of all the mischief—the hated Barker. It being the object of this large man's life to eat too much every day, with the greatest attainable degree of impunity, he was great at constitutional walks, from one of which he was even now returning; and, notwithstanding what appeared to New Yorkers the miraculous coolness of the weather, he was mopping away at his merry round face in a manner that showed how conscientiously his self-imposed penance had been accomplished. He was also a professed news monger. "News," he said, "was good for digestion."

"There's a new yacht here," he began. "Such a yacht! Come all the way from—"

"I know, I know," nervously interrupted his old friend. "I'll tell the girls all about it as we walk. We're rather in a hurry, my good fellow." And with a wink, unseen by his daughters, who had greeted their father's *alter ego* with the coldest of bows, he hurried off down the steps.

"A yacht, indeed!" There was but one yacht in the world for Claudine, and that, she had read, with her own eyes, was at the elysium from which she was excluded. All this time there had been a twinkle in the paternal eye, which would not have escaped his daughter's had they been in a less unobservant mood.

"What say you to a sail, girls? We have three hours till dinner."

"A sail in what? In one of those toy-boats tied to that toy-pier? No, thank you, and I'm sure Claudine will echo me."

"But, my dears, there is no question of a cockboat! I have a friend here with a very respectably large vessel, I assure you."

"O papa! nothing would induce me to sail to-day," put in the eldest. "I don't feel well, and, besides, there is far too much wind."

Yachts are like cigars. It is only the right man's yacht and cigar that are not insufferable to ladies.

"Very well, dears," said their progenitor, "there's an end of it; but I want you to come on board and see the boat, for I hear she is quite a *bijou*, especially the ladies' cabin."

Now, certain playful little jokes, practised at their expense from time to time by their light-hearted if heavy-bodied parent, had taught the sisters that he was quite capable of luring them on board by just such a little artifice as this, and then laugh till he cried in afterward describing to the faithful Barker the anger and dismay of the young ladies when, reappearing on deck, they should find themselves well out at sea in a sou'wester.

Claudine, as may be supposed, was especially disinclined for being made the victim of a practical joke at this time; and, to add to her suspicion and annoyance, she now first detected that ominous twinkle in the old boy's eye. Stopping short with a vicious little plant of the foot, and beautifully blushing with suppressed anger, she spoke: "Dear papa, it's so kind of you, but I had rather go to-morrow. But no, never mind me. I won't ask you to put it off. Take Nona, and I will stroll about here till you come back." So saying, she turned and began to walk homeward. Just as her sister was about to protest, her father whispered: "Hush! do as I ask you. You would, if you knew." There was an unaccustomed ring about these words which at once charmed Winona into docility, and docility became interest when he added: "It is a secret, and you shall know it first if you are a good girl;" then, aloud: "Claudine, my darling, you will oblige me by coming a little farther, and then sitting on the rocks till we return. We sha'n't be long." So she joined them again, and the three walked on in silence. She was vexed that her sister had not opposed the yacht-inspection. Mr. Harker was mentally maturing his little game, and Nona felt too curious about what was going to happen to be inclined for conversation. They soon came in view of a gallant yacht, of some hundred and fifty tons at least, lying-to in the bay at about half a mile from the shore. Snow-white her hull, even as her sails, and so motionless was she that she showed—

"... a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

As soon as our trio had arrived opposite the vessel, papa hailed a boat, and, as he entered it with Nona, playfully asked his eldest: "Now, then, tell us where you're going to sit. Let me suggest the ledge at the end of that cluster of rocks running into the water to your right; because, if this little girl and I should change our minds and sail for Coomassie or Wilkes's Continent, we should just like to send you a message in about ten minutes."

"Nona!" cried her sister, "swear to me you are not going to sail." But what was her wonder when Nona replied, in a tone of woman-of-the-world superciliousness she had never in her life displayed before, "Can't say, I'm sure, dear," and followed her leader into the boat.

A plash, a shove, and Claudine was left to seek out her allotted block of granite. She sat down strangely depressed, and, as she gazed into the clear wave at her feet, almost

envied the little cunners and other rock-fish who disported there, all unscared by her presence, their satisfied and irresponsible existence.

"Oh, dear," she thought, "how tiresome life is! I'm not well these days. How slow my pulse is! Slower in this dull place! I wonder if it's the bathing?" Then she yawned and looked up. "Pretty ship," she went on, "I wonder if you are like my Percy's? Ah, he said this was to be his only visit to the States, and that he must be back in Scotland by October. Alas! alas! With the opportunity he had been all right; but not one man in twenty will take opportunity by the horns; at least, not at so early a stage as our little romance had reached. Why does a sailing-ship, in calm weather, always make me sentimental? Pshaw! I'm a goose! But what is the feeling? An all-pervading immensity of repose. And yet, why? It must be the idea of unbounded leisure of those on board. They can have no immediate hopes or fears. Are they to be envied or pitied for that? There is more of sadness than of peace in the contemplation—or is the sadness in me?" And a tear peeped out of her eye, like a traveler reaching the summit of a hill, and then began slowly to descend.

"Dark is the hour before the dawn," says the Irish song. A Perseus, modernized into Percy, is hurrying unto this new Andromeda. What, pray, were that ancient heroine's chains but her inability to fly from her own misery? which very misery was probably the only monster that ever assailed her upon her celebrated rock. And what were the pinions of her deliverer but the wings of love on which he flew to rescue and console her?

The measured fall of four skillful oars breaks on the dreamer's ear. The approaching craft is white and rakish, like the more distant yacht—fair daughter of a fair mother, and a copy of her in miniature.

The reader knows who sat in the stern. The moment was typical of his life. Yes, there he sat, utterly useless, but undeniably ornamental. He raised his hat to Andromeda as he neared, but did not speak till he had leaped ashore at her feet. "I'm afraid you'll be annoyed at my pressing you," he said, not, of course, in allusion to the stringent grasp he was at the moment bestowing on her hand; "but, 'pon my word, I was so disappointed at your remaining behind, I had to come and seek you out." The maiden, so lately all forlorn, recovered her self-composure, and swallowed her coming tears with wonderful dispatch; for the *right man* had arrived, her pulse didn't beat too slow now, and all her best faculties returned to her as if by magic. She spoke to him as if he had left her but an hour before. Madame de Sévigné tells us that "*une demoiselle bien née n'a jamais de l'amour*," which, of course, only means that she does not show her love at unwise moments; and our Claudine was much too wise either to "gush" on the present occasion or to consent to face papa and "that false thing, Nona, who, of course, must have been in the plot," by joining them on board. She did better. She sent the boat back for them, but kept its master by her side.

Another three weeks have now gone by—nay, they have flown. "Where is now the darkness of my cell?" Somebody now thinks the coast from New London, on the Thames, past the light-house and up to Alewife Creek, is just a strip of paradise. There have been high winds, but the Snow-flake has investigated not merely the bay, Fisher's Island, Gardiner's, Falkner, and all the other islands, but has been through "The Race" and well out into the Atlantic; and somebody who has always been on board has quite made up her mind that, if there should ever be question of croasing that ocean, she will elect to go in the yacht rather than in the finest steamer in the world.

Everybody at the — House says it is "to be," and the pleasantness of the establishment is greatly enhanced by so fashionable a match heading the list of those half-dozen which are this season being fostered upon its *tapis*.

Three days ago, Mr. Harker told Claudine, across the dining-table, that, as she had been disappointed this year, he promised next summer to take her to Long Branch; but, strange to say, his touching kindness seemed quite thrown away; whereupon Mr. Barker stopped in the middle of a lobster to deliver himself of some very beautiful remarks upon the ingratitude of the young.

A.

LOVE'S WISDOM.

Once, in the idle days

When "Youth, the dream," was substance in possession,

I knew by heart the rare and rapturous ways

Wherein Love seeks expression—

The passionate delight

Of clasping hands and interchanging glances,

The hopes that flutter to such airy height,

The fear that hope enhances—

I knew them all—ah, me!

And, even yet, some chance association

Has power to thrill that chord of memory

To subtle, sweet vibration.

But Youth has flown away,

As Life attests with melancholy clearness;

I could not waken in one heart to-day

That old "desire for nearness."

Nor would I if I could—

I am content at last with surely feeling

That Love itself is the supremest good,

And not Love's sweet, revealing.

Therefore I make no sign,

I seek no answer, and no recognition;

The simple joy of loving—that is mine,

And brings its own fruition.

MARY E. BRADLEY.

MISCELLANY.

MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLATIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE BY ST. PAUL'S PARISH, EDENTON, N. C.

THERE lies before me a large folio manuscript, which is one of the most curious, and, locally, one of the most valuable of the colonial records of the Episcopal Church in North Carolina. It is the vestry-book of the ancient parish of St. Paul's, Chowan Precinct, in the county of Albemarle, which was so generously granted, with other ample lands, by King Charles II. The book is a large folio, bound in vellum, fourteen inches long by nine wide. It was procured about 1717, as the stationer's label ("Charles Stokes, at the Red Lion near Bridelane, Fleet Street") is dated 1716. The contents are transcribed, in a very fair hand, from the earlier minutes, beginning with 1701, down to 1717-'18, after which the chirography varies. The book is filled up with minutes of various matters pertaining to the church under the successive vestries, beginning with the vestry of 1701, and closing with the patriotic vestry of 1776. The names which appear upon these lists comprised some of the best families then in the State, and several are historic in her annals. The names of the last vestry should be especially cherished by all North-Carolinians, for they took a step which was at once noble, daring, and foremost in the great acts of the day, one most probably planned by the statesmen who had already served in the parish, and who were then away, guiding the political acts of the Provincial Congress at Halifax. Just before the date of the paper, which I give in full for the first time to public notice, the bar and the vestry of Chowan County claimed the services of as able a body of men as could be found anywhere. Thomas Barker, Samuel Johnston, afterward governor, the presiding officer over the Congress, Stephen Cabarrus, Thomas Jones, James Iredell, Sir Nathaniel Dukinfield, Colonel Buncombe, who fell at Germantown, Joseph Hewes, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Charles Johnston, Jasper Charlton, with others, contributed to make the bar the most statesmanlike, and the society the wittiest, of the time in the colony. Their weight was felt in the State. The powerful mind of Samuel Johnston, calm, steadfast to its clear convictions of duty, gave him an influence which the more violent Whigs bent every energy to break down. Thomas Jones, a subtler and better manager of men, and Joseph Hewes, shaped up for popular acceptance those constitutional principles which Mr. Johnston's prideful bearing had made almost obnoxious. His ability forced unwilling concessions from men who could not understand him nor endure his severe temper. These gentlemen (Mr. Johnston, Thomas Jones, Joseph Hewes, James Iredell, Colonel Buncombe) gave a direction and impetus to the first steps of the American party at home. It would seem that there was nothing done which was not in strict form and constitutional. The people of Chowan, as a whole, did not need much stimulus, as they appear to have been quite enthusiastic. But the public demonstrations made in the county differed essentially from the action of the public meetings held the year before in other counties—for instance, the resolutions signed by the freeholders of Tryon County.

When finally North Carolina, in the Provincial Congress at Halifax, under the presidency of Mr. Johnston, resolved to empower her delegates at Philadelphia (April 12, 1776)

"to concur with the delegates of the other colonies in declaring independence and forming foreign alliances," the vestry of St. Paul's took a parallel and legal action in support of the congressional resolution.

Almost the last entry in the vestry-book (folio 274) runs as follows (I copy the whole page, its erasures and interlineations, as they stand):

At a Vestry met, at the Church in Edenton the 19th day of June 1776.

St Pauls
Parish
1776.

Be it remembered that the Freeholders of St Pauls Parish met the Sheriff at the Court House in Edenton on Monday the 8th of April then & there pursuant to an Act of Assembly did elect the following Persons to serve as

Vestrymen for the one year (agreeable to resolve of the Provincial Congress held at Halifax, the 2nd of April and Qualified agreeable thereto) viz Thomas Bonner, W^m Boyd Thomas Benbuy Jacob Hunter John Beasley W^m Bennet W^m Roberts Rich^d Hoskins David Rice Aaron Hill Pelatiah Walton W^m Hinton.

We the Subscribers professing our allegiance to the King and acknowledging executive the constitutional power of Government do Solemnly profess testify & declare that we do absolutely believe that neither the Parliament of Great Britain nor any member or constituent Branch thereof have a right to impose Taxes upon these Colonies to regulate the internal Policy thereof: and that all attempts by Fraud or Force to establish and exercise such Claims and Powers are Violations of the Peace and Security of and ought to be resisted to the utmost and that the People of this Province the People of this Province Singly and Collectively are bound by the Acts and Resolutions of the Continental and the Provincial Congresses because in both they are freely represented by persons chosen by themselves. And we do Solemnly and Sincerely promise and engage under the Sanction of Virtue Honor and the Sacred Love of Liberty and our Country to maintain & Support all and every the Acts Resolutions & Regulations of the said Continental & Provincial Congresses to the utmost of our power and ability. In Testimony whereof we have hereto set our hands this 19th of June 1776.

RICH^d HOSKINS
DAVID RICE
AARON HILL
PELATIAH WALTON
W^m HINTON.

THO^s BONNER
W^m BOYD
THO^s BENBUY
JACOB HUNTER
JOHN BEASLEY
WILL^m BENNET
WILLIAM ROBERTS.

Almost immediately after this the vestry took an active part in the stirring events of the Revolution. Jacob Hunter and Thomas Benbuy, with their former colleagues in the vestry, Luke Sumner, Thomas Jones, and James Blount, sat for Chowan County, while Joseph Hewes, also a former vestryman, sat for the borough of Edenton in the third Provincial Congress at Halifax in the following November. The constitution of the State, which was adopted, was from the pen of Thomas Jones, aided by his friend Mr. Johnston, who had lost his seat at the election. Edenton furnished the three ablest statesmen then at Halifax.

At home, seven of the remaining ten signers were engaged either in a committee of safety or in the militia. Among the loose papers preserved in the volume is a rough minute of a session of the committee, among whom were William Hinton, Richard Hoskins, David Rice, John Beasley, Pelatiah Walton, and Thomas Bonner. They received and entertained a complaint of thirty-seven of his company against Captain Aaron Hill, who was thereby removed and another put in his place. It would seem that the parson, Rev. Daniel Earl, sympathized in these acts, for, upon the next day (October 16th), he met the vestry, and transacted some ordinary business with them. It would be easy to trace the names of several of the vestry in the military organizations, which were continually changed and rearranged by the Assembly.

The independent yet (from the tone of the

paper) well-considered act of the parish officers cannot be over-estimated. They acted deliberately for the freeholders of Chowan County, of whom they were the legal representatives. The well-weighed language they used is worth an attentive perusal. The true measure of their action lies in the official and deliberative position which the laws in force in the province gave to vestries, and in the extent

of the authority with which that law clothed them. When they acted, they bound their constituents by that act. The canceled line at the top of the broad folio page shows that the meeting was held in the old church yet standing and in constant use. That they thoughtfully drew up their declaration is significantly proved by this cancellation itself. The heading was written; the clerk paused; then, crossing out his first words, he, to show their authority, entered in formal terms the as yet unrecorded minute of their proper election pursuant to law; and then proceeded to set down the solemn pledge they were about to sign. The two entries are in the same handwriting, evidently written out at the same hour. The names of the vestry in the record of the election are in the scribe's hand, but the signatures themselves are autographs. Assuredly, then, they had well considered and asserted their lawful authority before they recorded their patriotic resolutions in behalf of their fellow-countrymen.

The Old North State has never been slow to act when once her course has been resolved upon. In January, 1765, Colonels Waddell and Ashe prevented the landing of the stamps sent to Wilmington. On February 27, 1776, the first signal victory of the Revolution was won over the Scotch Tories at Moore's Creek by Colonel Lillington, a descendant of the Chowan Lillingtons. It is said that the famous Flora Macdonald was present in the Tory camp. On April 12, 1776, the first official instructions to declare their

dependence of the colonies were given by the Provincial Congress to the North Carolina delegates at Philadelphia. On June 19, 1776, the first recorded steps, officially taken by the proper officers of any county or parish, to aid and sustain the acts of both the Provincial and Continental Congresses, were signed by the vestry of St. Paul's Parish, Edenton, for the freeholders of Chowan County.—A. A. B.

A VISION OF SNAKES.

I WAS wandering in a valley, the light of which was peculiar: neither of night nor day, but a green gloom through which one saw objects as through green water. And, as I wandered, I saw serpents dangling from the trees, writhing through the grass, burrowing in the ground, floating on the shadowed ponds, or darting with a wavy motion across the scanty patches of sad glimmer made by the rare sunbeams that had filtered through the dense canopied foliage; and, as I glanced down a glade which sloped to a sea lying sullen beneath a sultry, clouded sky, a huge sea-snake raised its horrid head above the leaden waters. I trod on serpents' eggs, from which, the instant they were crushed, fanged, hissing jaws protruded, and lithe, scaly forms squirmed forth. The dusk was studded with treacherous eyes; the forest was roped with slimy, swelling and collapsing, variegated coils; distinctly even in its stagnant atmosphere could be detected the strange odor of the valley's sovereign tenants. I saw a plumed warrior steal up to one that slumbered in the grass. He forked it to the ground, slew, cooked, and ate it; and put its skin upon his bow to insure the right flight of his arrow. Then he went forth to hunt the deer that at times might be seen gliding through the jungle, as if they feared to rustle its herbage; their beautiful eyes glancing in dread at the hideous eyes fiercely or stonily fixed upon them.

He stalked a stag until he was within bow-shot of the splendid creature that stood at gaze with back-thrown, many-tined antlers upon a little mound. Just as the hunter put forth his foot to draw the string, he heard a hiss and rattle. The snake that he had slain was avenged. One of its fellows had struck the slayer. His dusky face turned pale. Hastily he bound his leg tightly above and below the wound, and, sitting down, sucked at it like a child at its mother's breast. But it seemed as if he were going to sleep like the babe. He staggered up in alarm, gashed at his wound with his knife, and then tottered as fast as he was able back to his fire—passing on his way hundreds of the black-marked dealers of death, with their devilish eyes and rattle-tails—coiled up like "flemished" lines, or stretched out stiff as sticks—sluggishly enjoying the hot, sluggish air. He bored a fire-stick into his wound, and once more tottered on. But his steps grew feeble and feeble. Again and again he put his flask to his lips. The fire-water that would have maddened him another time had no effect upon him now. Drowsily nodding, he fell to the ground, breathed heavily, and went off into the sleep from which there is no waking.

But I heard a noise of strumming, thumping, and piping on musical instruments, and, following the sound, came to an opening in which stood a village in the midst of bamboos and palms. The inhabitants were dark, but of a different type of countenance from that of the red-skinned hunter. I wondered that any people could have fixed their dwelling-place in the midst of such a valley of the shadow of death, but what I saw soon made me marvel more.

The music having ceased for a while, a magician spread a gayly-embroidered garment upon the ground before a cottage-wall, uttered words of incantation, and ordered all snakes

within to come forth. They wriggled forth in a swarm, and were put into bags by the chief magician's attendants. On this side and on that of the houses he repeated the charm, and it was everywhere obeyed. Once, however, he smote impatiently upon the ground with his staff, and the under-wizards recommenced their monotonous music, while he lighted a fire. He had missed one stubborn snake, which had refused to obey his will.

When the fire had burned up, the snake-charmer again waved his wand and recited still stronger words of magic. Instantly a huge serpent rolled forth from its hiding-place, and, gliding into the fire, was there consumed.

The charmers killed some of their prisoners, and laid them on the ant-hills, for the ants to pick their bones. Some the wizards swallowed; others they placed alive in their bosoms, and allowed them to crawl all over their bodies next to the naked skin. They fondled them, and put them to their lips; they suffered them to drink out of their capturers' bowl, and struck them smartly on the head if they drank too eagerly. They piped to them, and they danced. They made them come and go like dogs. They coiled the biggest round and round their necks, and limbs, and bodies in Laocoon folds. They forced the snakes to bite them, and healed the wounds with a touch and word, and the dwellers in the village wondered more and more, and rejoiced greatly that such potent champions against the fatal foes who beleaguered them had visited their settlement. Suddenly the chief magician seized a hooded snake gliding noisily upon the ground. It was one that had not come under the influence of his spells, having just writhed in from the encircling wood. Instantly it rose in wrath, its neck puffed out like a bladder with its savage passion. Out came its forked tongue, its curved fangs fastened on the charmer's arm, and ere long he was a corpse, the conqueror gliding back into the forest in triumph, and his comrades that had been watching from the trees raised a hiss of exultation, which made the villagers' blood run cold.

When I left the village, the under-wizards were raising their dreary funeral wail. In one of the garden-plots in the outskirts an innocent-looking little rabbit, which had come to help itself to the juicy blades and roots, found that it was itself to be made a meal of. A feeling of semi-coma came over me as I looked at the helpless little thing, which was looking up as if mesmerized by the terrible serpent, ever coiling closer, that was looking down on it. I shuddered, cold sweat streamed from my face. I felt as if, in this strange land of snakes and magic, my identity were in some way being merged in that of the rabbit. With a violent effort I wrenched myself away, and wandered on through the mysterious, oppressive, green gloom. I saw horned asps, vipers branded as if in warning with their initial, puff-adders, carpet-snakes writhing up slim tree-boles in quest of birds' nests, lithe, thin, mud-hued, little whipsnakes, light-bellied black-snakes, crimson blood-snakes, white-ladies darting like flashes of light, but messengers of deadly darkness, ringed coral-snakes, as lovely and as lethal, cobras and lance-heads. I roamed for miles through regions dominated by monstrous bull-snakes, boas, pythons, and anacondas. I trembled as I saw the party-colored pests swimming toward me across rivers and lagoons, and crushing the first living thing they encountered with an ease which plainly showed what would have been my fate had I been the first at hand. I held my breath as I passed them lying motionless in the dense underwood, with their wide-jawed heads just peeping from between their coils. I approached through lusher jungle a stream which I saw that I must ford—the deer, buffaloes, and fiercer beasts, had made a track

straight down for it, and, unless I turned back, there was no other road for me to travel. Some of the footmarks I saw, some of the cries I heard ahead, were not reassuring, but in my dread of snakes I had come to hold four-footed marauders cheap. My fears were temporarily dissipated by one of the most grandly beautiful sights I had ever beheld. I had read of the wonders of tropical vegetation—of its climbing palms, its netting and festooning lianas, with their lovely flowers. Now I saw something of this kind. Clustered round and drooping from the trees were long, thick creepers of gorgeous hues, those that dangled gently swaying in the almost breathless air. I stood for a time, rooted to the ground in startled admiration. Then I walked on to get a nearer view of this magnificent sight. Suddenly one of the creepers, holding on by the upper end, flung out the other—horror of horrors, it was a head—a boa's head. The constrictor seized a buffalo with its frightful jaws, and coiled itself round and round its victim. Crunch, crunch, went every bone in the wild beef; the breath was rapidly squeezed out of him. Then it uncoiled itself, slavered its prey all over, and, opening its mouth to the utmost, prepared to swallow its evening meal. It was horrid to see the creature's long body swelling and sinking like billows, as the buffalo was forced along. Another pounced upon a puma; another upon a jaguar; two or three upon deer; another—horrible—upon a man; another—still more horrible—upon a woman and her child.

Ugh! those "lovely tropical creepers"—what nightmares had they become, as they lay gorged with food, bloated, and torpid!

And yet, in spite of the awful deaths of my fellow-creatures—so selfish is human nature—I could not help finding comfort in that stupid content.

"Now," I said within myself, "I shall be able to cross the river in safety, yet God knows that my heart bleeds for those poor creatures, though they were not white. It was sickening to see a stout man crunched like a snail in that way. Never shall I forget that woman's awful scream, and, oh, that poor, helpless little babe! Still the beasts of prey are slain, and the hideous snakes are powerless or purposeless to harm me."

I advanced toward the river, gliding dreamily through the still forest, so lately the scene of blood-curdling slaughter, but now once more hushed in enchanted calm. But from the water suddenly arose a boa's head, far bigger than any I had yet seen, and out of the water undulated a boa's body, which seemed as if it would never cease billowing itself on shore.

I fled in terror, but could not help looking over my shoulder as I fled.

The big boa, in passing, licked up the other boas as unconcernedly as if they had been mere shrimps, and still pursued me.

My foot slipped, and his curved teeth were in me.

Again I felt the cold chill run through my frame, as I had done when I beheld the fascinated rabbit.

The coils were crunching me.

In my agony I gave one frantic fling, and—all was over.

I had kicked off half my bedclothes, and twisted the other half tight round my neck, and the night before, after looking at the cuts in a natural-history book, I had taken a cool, light, yet heavy, summer supper of cucumber *au naturel*.—*The Saturday Journal*.

THE TOMB OF JULIET AT VERONA.

DULY rested, I sallied forth to visit the Tomba di Giulietta. My guide did not care to go. He had no romantic notions on the subject. He said all the Inglesse had a rage

for this tomb, and it was only a coarse, old stone trough, which he did not believe, etc., etc. At least, I thought he said something of that sort. At last, after a good deal of *pro and con*, he consented to humor me in what he considered a sort of harmless English mania.

He had shown me before Juliet's house, very high and not very grand, with a *little cap*, the family crest, on a small stone shield over the court entrance. It is now an inn, like Sir Thomas More's house of persecuting fame in Chelsea was, for the new embankment has swept it away. The street was formerly "Capuletti," but it is now under the protection of St. Sebastian.

At length we came to a pair of broad doors, that prevented our further progress up a narrow lane. But there was a long bell-handle outside, at which my Italian tugged; and the sound produced a small boy, who opened part of the door, with an inquiring face, which inquiry I suppose was satisfactorily answered, for we crossed the bar into a low shed, a carpenter's shop, the floor of which was covered after the usual manner. Leaving this we entered a large garden, with beautifully-laden vines trellised over the path. Juliet's garden! A real garden, with real vines, real grapes, real flowers, real fruit above the earth and in it, real rain too falling, and not such a garden as one sees on the stage. And yet the stage-garden has one advantage, for it possesses a real Juliet.

And the window away there to the right—did Juliet look out there, or show a light there, after the manner of the young lady in "A Blot in the Scutcheon," when she was waiting for Romeo? And this high wall to the left—did Romeo scale this? Not that it is too high for a lover to scale.

Such thoughts as these and others like crossed my mind. In fact, I was in a high state of reverie somewhere in cloud-cuckoo-land, but came down to earth all too rapidly when my umbrella would catch against the overhanging trellis-work on which the vine was supported.

I enjoyed the visit; but as humanity—notably English humanity—is not wholly free from weather influences, I could not get up much romantic ardor.

I saw "fair Melrose" once, but not "aright." Another time the moon would not come through the right window at Tintern. It was as foggy as London in that real yellow November celebrated in "Bleak House," when I was on Snowdon; and on the Titlis; and the sun would not rise on the Schafberg, the Right of the Tyrol. Such experiences have taught me to make the most of what I can get, although I do not believe, as a rule, that myself or anybody else, ever learns from experience.

Meditation among the tombs of the mighty dead was clearly out of place. One couldn't "shed a tear" very well; the heavens were doing that too plentifully; and one's poetic or imaginative flights, or even one's wishes, that one's own Juliet were by one's side, were pretty sure to be disagreeably put to flight by an envious rain-drop finding its globular and chilly way just inside one's collar.

On the whole an umbrella is not romantic. Fancy Romeo and Juliet under an umbrella which wouldn't cover either of them! Cannot you see the stream from the tips making sad work with Juliet's dress? Then an umbrella under a vine-walk! O Bacchus!

But at last, by careful dodging, I arrived at "the end proposed." A low shed—tool-shed—broken walls—roof off. Bah! Juliet's tomb here! 'Twere profanation to think so base a thought.

"Ecco!" said my conductor, with a wet-tish smile, and pointed to a long stone trough, exactly like the baths of Roman times one

sees in the galleries of the Uffizi—place for the head even. It contained half an inch of dirty water; and I stood there, looking at it, with my umbrella dripping into it.

My poor Italian stood with both garments and boots exhibiting many solutions of continuity, smiling wetly, as I said, and saying, "Ecco, signor." I could see that my folly amused him; but he was glad of it, nevertheless, for there were certain paper francs to come, on account of it, toward the *polenta* for a wife and four children all but starving at home. Fancy Friar Laurence, and Juliet, and nurse, and County Paris here! But no—no. "Do you—does the signor believe it?" was nearly the question; and my answer was that which any of my young readers, if I have any, would most likely have made under the circumstances.

Poor Juliet! Didst lie there with bloody Tybalt and the bones of thy great ancestors? Did that fond, foolish, loving, cruel father and mother of thine—that wordy, deaf-on-one-ear old nurse—that pasteboard county—that hearty friar, who reminds one very much of Goldsmith's "Hermit of the Dale"—and all the mourning coaches of Verona, follow thee hither? Here didst thou sleep off that potent two-and-forty hours' draught? Did Peter and Simon Cutting, and Hugh Rebeck, and James Soundpost, try quips here? Was all that fighting and tragedy-work done here?—

"Here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet dead before,
Warm and new killed."

Nay. And again, no!

I walked from this scene thinking much. The small boy looked, wondering why I should give him certain small coins for a look at a stone box. The guide hurried me off to another church (we had seen several before), and my visit was ended. But I should like to go again on a fine day, and not accompanied by a guide only.—John P. Fann-
thorpe, in *Cassell's Magazine*.

BISMARCK IN ST. PETERSBURG.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

In an interesting book, recently published, entitled "New Pictures of Petersburg Society," by a Russian, we find the following account of Bismarck's sojourn in the city of the czars, as Prussian ambassador, from 1859 to 1862:

"In April, 1859, Herr von Bismarck-Schönhausen, at that time forty-six years old, succeeded Von Werther as Prussian ambassador in St. Petersburg. Various circumstances tended to make the *entrée* of the aforetime ambassador of the Germanic Diet into Petersburg society easy. It was known that the new ambassador was a partisan of the late emperor (Nicholas), and as such an opponent of the anti-Russian efforts of Berlin liberalism. It was known, further, that he, during his residence in Frankfort, had always been the antagonist of his Austrian colleague, and that he, despite the Austrian sympathy of most of his friends, and of his party, had left the confederate capital as the sworn enemy of the house of Hapsburg. This was the best recommendation Bismarck could have brought, for hatred for the 'ungrateful' *protégé* of 1849 was at that time the watchword of our society as well as of our diplomacy, and of its new leader, Prince Gortschakoff. The new-comer could not have had better antecedents, and yet, within a few months after his arrival, he had surpassed the most sanguine expectations of him. Not only were Gortschakoff and Westmann highly pleased with the ideas entertained by Bismarck, and freely expressed everywhere, but, in the social world, the universal verdict was that the new ambassador

appeared to very great advantage when compared with the majority of his stiff, awkward, ceremonious, and pretentious countrymen; that he was a genuine man of the world. The easy, natural, self-possessed manner of the new-comer fully realized those demands which our aristocracy make of him who would pass muster as a gentleman. Instead of the anxious formality which we were accustomed to encounter in the German diplomatists, Herr von Bismarck's manner was characterized by a certain frank nonchalance that rendered official as well as social intercourse with him easy, and dispensed with unnecessary ceremony. He impressed the officials, with whom he came in contact, by his perfect familiarity with every branch of diplomacy, and the promptness of his decisions, and the lions and lionesses of the *salons* by his good-humor, brilliant wit, unpretending elegance, and excellent French. At last we had a German among us with whom intercourse was as easy and agreeable as with other people, who was not always self-conscious, who did not ape the tone of the polite world, but gave it.

"Bismarck soon became a great favorite with the emperor and the imperial family, and no one was so frequently invited to the Thursday imperial hunting-parties as he, and no one else, perhaps, acquitted himself on these occasions as well as he, for he was an excellent sportsman, and an ardent lover of Nature and out-door exercises.

"The Prussian Hôtel d'Ambassade, which had always been the home *par excellence* of ceremonious *ennui*, and the scene of unfrequent but pretentious *fêtes*, now became one of the most frequented houses in St. Petersburg. Everybody knew that the Prussian ambassador had not the means to compete with his English, French, and Austrian colleagues in the splendor of his entertainments, but everybody agreed that, despite this inconvenience, they were nowhere so agreeably entertained as at the Prussian hotel. Instead, as some of her predecessors had done, of concealing the fact that their means were limited, and that they were compelled to economize, Madame de Bismarck did not hesitate to say that she could not afford, like some of her neighbors, to let a dish of asparagus cost her forty rubles, or to have a new dress every time she appeared in public.

"The Prussian ambassador of the years 1859-'62 was, however, not only popular in all the circles of society he frequented, but he was looked upon by our statesmen and by all those who came to know him at all well, as being a man of extraordinary ability, although somewhat eccentric. They were unaccustomed to hear Berlin diplomatists, above all others, express views in state affairs at variance with those of their courts, to criticise the policy of their governments, and to evince a disposition to pursue a policy of their own. But in this particular also Bismarck differed from his predecessors, as he did in every thing else. Regardless of the fact that the then prince regent (the now emperor) was decidedly opposed to the Italian policy of the French, looking upon it with suspicion and distrust, and that he openly condemned Cavour's revolutionary schemes, Bismarck boldly expressed the conviction that the liberation of Italy from her Austrian yoke was a European necessity which was the first step toward emancipating Germany and Prussia from Austrian patronage. When he, after a three years' residence among us, left St. Petersburg, everybody was convinced that he was destined to play an important part in the history of his country, and in a measure, at least, to carry out the programme which he had advocated with unparalleled boldness.

"That his original conceptions fell short of what he has achieved, is more than probable."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE American correspondent of an English review recently pointed out, in a letter treating of literary matters here, a tendency that it is worth our while to notice and examine with some care. We are by no means indebted to this writer for first calling our attention to a state of affairs that has long been perfectly obvious to every one who has studied, however superficially, the condition of the American literary field; but a paragraph of his letter presents the case with commendable clearness and truth, and will serve us as a text better than any longer dissertation. "American journalism," he says, "is the magnet that attracts all young pens, and there is hardly a rising man or woman who does not contribute to the daily press. Formerly this was not so. The passing generation of writers had little sympathy with newspapers. 'Let not your life be taken by newspapers,' was one of Thoreau's maxims. It is impossible to think of Emerson, or Longfellow, or Whittier, or even the versatile Lowell, dashing off a leader, or writing editorial paragraphs. To-day's battles are fought with newspapers, not books; and so young writers enlist where they are sure of seeing most service. . . . Journalism is becoming a profession, and as, in this country, it promises the finest results in political and social influence, the next decade will see a great change for the better in our press. In enterprise it to-day leads the world. In culture and dignity English journalism can give us lessons."

It is impossible to dispute the truth of this statement. Almost without exception the present generation of American writers devotes much of its talent and more of its time to the journalist's work. The most cursory summary of leading names among the young authors of to-day makes the fact evident; and the briefest editorial experience, wherein some idea is gained of the number of men looking to journalism as a career, shows that the tendency in this direction is very rapidly increasing in strength.

Is this a gain or a loss for our literary progress? Does it promise well or ill for the future?

We yield to no one in earnest desire for the improvement of American journalism, and the cultivation of a more elevated tone and greater dignity and literary power in the daily press. But we should be heartily sorry if the method adopted to gain this end should be such as to involve a sacrifice of something to be quite as highly valued—the contribution to our permanent literature of individual work of a more lasting and more ambitious kind.

We confess that the present tendency of what we have noticed seems to be in this unfavorable direction. The press is robbing this generation of what might be its best

books. The journalist who might have been a noteworthy if not a great author, when he is drawn among that great, unresting machinery which, as Thackeray said of it, rests not day or night, as at first no time, then is unwilling, and finally is unable, to give us any other work but that meant for the present. In what we willingly admit to be the most noble task of elevating and educating the newspaper readers of to-day, he gives out, little by little, the strength he might use for the equally noble labor of leaving something for the future. The very classes he is educating now will need a literature then, or their education will be only half complete.

That there are strong forces at work, besides mere inclination, to draw the best writers to journalism, is a fact which doubtless accounts for a considerable part of this state of affairs. In the immediate compensation, and in the security that attends constant employment and regularity of payment for it, journalism undoubtedly outbids literary work of the other class. There are many men who can with perfect justice argue that they cannot afford to write even a successful book; *il faut vivre*, and they cannot wait for slow returns of sales and the hard-earned fame that comes at last.

The argument is strong, and it applies to a large class, unhappily. But there is other literary work besides that of the press for which a demand is rapidly increasing, and by which bread may be earned, and yet time be left for better things. Nothing that is really good is without a market, and we have in mind at least one case—that of a writer for whom it is safe to prophesy no ordinary degree of success—who supports himself by labor in a purely literary field, and, though not an unusually rapid worker, still devotes his best and freshest time to a book, with which all his best ambitions are connected, and on which he can justly base a hope of future reputation, and a consciousness that he has done a worthy and scholarly task.

The last few years have seen in America very few great books in any department of literature, scholarship or fiction. Yet there are men whom we could point out—whom people constantly do point out—at work in the absorbing and intense labor of the daily press, who could make no trifling part of the literature of a generation. The press cannot afford, it would seem, to lose their service; but can general literature afford to lose it, either?

Is there no way to solve the problem? Cannot press and literature advance with equal step? Or must we give up the pursuit of one noble end in striving for the other? The question is worth the thought of both writers and readers.

— It will be a misfortune to English royalty if, just at this period, when republicanism is gaining ground, and agitation often

takes the form of sharp criticism of royal expenditure, the Prince of Wales should really find himself obliged to ask Parliament to pay his debts to the amount of over three million dollars. Not that such a demand will be any thing new; on the contrary, of the sovereigns, for two centuries, who have not asked similar favors of their "faithful Commons" Victoria is almost the only one. Charles II. got rid of troubling Parliament in this way by converting to his own use moneys which had been appropriated for war-purposes. Queen Anne was not satisfied with a revenue of £700,000, but acquired debts during her reign of £1,200,000, which had to be paid off by a loan. George I., with the same income, accumulated liabilities to the amount of £1,000,000; and "dapper little George," his irascible son and successor, soon exceeded his income by £500,000.

Before George III. had been on the throne a decade, his debts exceeded £500,000; these being discharged by Parliament, that body had, eight years after, to make good a deficit of more than £600,000. It was in George III.'s time that the device known as the "Civil List" came into operation. The king gave up certain revenues which had accrued to the crown for many reigns, and accepted a fixed amount as the Civil List, which was to be used "for the support of his household, and the honor and dignity of the crown." The amount of the Civil List was placed at £800,000; out of this, expenses of the household, pensions, and other charges, besides the mere support of the royal family, were paid. Despite the fact that George III. had this revenue of £800,000, and certain other revenues outside of parliamentary control, "he and his family lived not only with economy, but even with unkingly parsimony." He lived privately, with no state, "attended by menial servants."

The demands of George III. for the payment of his debts provoked very plain speaking on the part of statesmen who were far from revolutionary or democratic. Burke stigmatized the king's financial habits by saying that they appeared to be "the operations of parsimony, attended with all the consequences of profusion." Chatham declared his belief, in the House of Lords, that the Civil-List revenues were expended in corrupting members of Parliament. While the king was demanding money by the half-million sterling, he invited the prime-minister to dinner, and, to Addington's great disgust, gave him "mutton-chops and pudding."

The English radicals are in the habit of comparing the Prince of Wales with his great-uncle, the "painted and padded Florizel" of Thackeray's sarcastic tirade, George IV., and the statement that he is deep in debt, and proposes to ask Parliament to appease the clamor of his legion of creditors, certainly recalls one of the most significant periods of George's wild and extravagant ca-

reer. Within four years after he came of age, from which period he had had an income of £50,000 a year, besides an "outfit" of £60,000, and a lordly residence at Carlton House, his friends asked Parliament to liquidate his debts to the amount of £160,000.

He was what a grave historian calls "a spendthrift and a gamester;" his debts were mostly "debts of honor to the blacklegs of Newmarket and the sharpers of St. James;" this large sum had gone in four years in carouse, intrigue, gambling, extravagance of all imaginable sorts. But the prince had quarreled with his royal father, and, George III. being a Tory, he became the confidant and hope of the Whigs. He was "hand-in-glove" with Fox, Sheridan, and Tierney; these helped him with their eloquence, and, after a good deal of grumbling, Parliament wiped out the debt, increased the prince's income to £60,000, and voted £20,000 to complete Carlton House, which was "the scene of tinsel-splendor and bad taste for a quarter of a century." Five years had not elapsed before this "first gentleman in Europe" confessed to Earl Malmesbury that he was again in debt to the amount of nearly four hundred thousand pounds; and, eight years after, this had again doubled. "The spendthrift prince learned, in his old age," says Sir Erskine May, "to husband his own resources with the caution of a miser." What the parliamentary historian adds is significant: "Parliament has since cheerfully granted every suitable provision for members of the royal family; but its liberality has not been discredited by any further application for the payment of their debts."

These are not times when excesses on the part of royal princes are likely to be looked upon with more leniency than they were eighty or ninety years ago, when the crown was still a real power and not a mere pageant, and before England had come to be regarded as "a veiled republic;" and the Prince of Wales, though a much more amiable character than was his pompous and brutal great-uncle, must make up his mind to submit to criticisms certainly not less rasping and disrespectful than were those of Edmund Burke and the Earl of Chatham. In these days parties are not led by the king on the one hand, and his hostile heir on the other; but a different estimate is now placed, even by the most loyal lovers of the "glorious old constitution," upon the value and sacredness of royalty than in the unreformed era of the later Georges; and, if the prince has not to fear the partisan opposition of a Pitt, he must encounter the timidity of ministers who feel that they are more responsible to the taxed people than to the throne. Parliament will probably pay the debt, if they are asked to do so; but the event will dampen Tory ardor, and give a new and formidable weapon into the hands of agitators like Dilke and Bradlaugh.

— The echoes of the Grecian groves and classic mountains are soon to be strangely called forth by locomotive-whistles. What can be more incongruous, to the sentimental fancy, at least, than a railroad-track skirting Olympus, a train whizzing through the retreats of the goddesses and satyrs, a railway-station enframed in the same majestic landscape with the Acropolis? Indeed, six hundred laborers are at work turning up the earth almost under the shadow of that half-shattered Parthenon which a modern writer speaks of as "those pure marble columns, mellowed by time into a tender gold, always the first and last object gazed at;" they are spading within a stone's-throw of the famous olive-garden where Socrates and Plato and the Peripatetics walked and taught in the public park given to Athens by Academos, from whom it was called the Academia.

Greece has hitherto been without a railway, unless it is thought worth while to dignify by that name the rickety line over the few miles which separate the "city of the violet crown" from its seaport, the Piræus; but now Athens is to be connected by rail with the great Western cities which have succeeded her as centres of civilization. The new line will pass through Thebes and Livadia, and will reach the Turkish frontier at Larissa; thence the connection with the Porte will speedily be completed.

The traveler who now desires to reach the seat of the grandest and most suggestive ruins in the world, must take an ugly sea-trip of a couple of days from Naples or Trieste, or must approach across the dangerous, brigand-infested, and very difficult and ill-conditioned roads which traverse what were once Thessaly and Thrace. When the proposed road is completed, which is to be within three years, no journey in Europe will be better worth the trouble than that from Constantinople to Athens.

Besides the advantage to the curious, moreover, such a railway may be expected to do a great deal for the much-tried people who have succeeded to the state of Alcibiades and Pericles. Grecian commerce is at a low ebb; yet there is no more productive land, no country more capable of fruitful developments, under the sun. Her fruits are in demand; she has coal, iron, copper; in the north tobacco can be grown, and in Central Greece the soil is admirably adapted to grain. A railway, to be sure, will not infuse energy into a people, or evolve good government out of a rule which has long been chaotic from corruption and incompetence; but it is a beginning which may lead to commercial aspirations now lying dormant from discouragement and want of opportunity.

Modern Athens has grown, in half a century, from a straggling and dirty village, blurring magnificent ruin, to a really handsome city; and the new railway can scarcely fail to stimulate its growth and add to its

wealth, while it will give facilities for protection from the still unsubdued brigandage of the neighborhood.

— One of the commonest of newspaper sarcasms is a paragraph recording how somebody has given a ridiculously small reward for somebody else's honesty in returning lost money or valuables. The latest we have seen tells, with a conspicuous mark of exclamation in both type and tone, of a Boston man who offers a reward of five dollars for the recovery of a purse containing more than two thousand dollars. If the writer of the paragraph intended to point his astonishers at the loser's innocence in supposing that any finder would return such a purse for such a reward, doubtless it would be just. But the meaning is, that the loser, with unparalleled meanness, wishes to cheat some poor finder out of about ninety-five dollars of his just dues; and probably every reader of the paragraph will share that feeling. It is assumed that if A loses his purse, or his diamond-ring, and B finds it, B at once becomes a joint proprietor of the article, and should not be compelled to sell out his share to A except for a good price!

A moment's reflection will show the utter fallacy of such an assumption, and yet the whole system of rewards for lost valuables is based upon it. It is held that the amount of the reward should be in proportion to the value of the article; whereas nothing is more demonstrable than that it should be determined solely by the time, trouble, and expense, to which the return subjects the finder. If a man who usually earns four dollars a day spends half a day in getting a lost purse back to its rightful owner, he should receive exactly two dollars, whether the purse contained ten dollars or ten thousand. Certainly the loser should not offer him any less, and quite as certainly he should be ashamed to accept any more, much less demand it. The giving of large rewards in such cases, whatever its policy, is not an encouragement to honesty, but a concession to cupidity.

Cases are not unfrequent where these demands of self-styled honesty become the worst sort of robbery. A man strains every nerve to get together the funds to meet a payment on a mortgage; and, on the day it falls due, he starts for the bank with just enough for the purpose. Arrived there, he discovers that he has lost his pocket-book on the way. Presently up comes a fellow with it in his hand, and says: "Here, sir, is your pocket-book, which I picked up five minutes ago. You see, I was too honest to keep it. Of course, you will give me a large percentage of its contents for my honesty." And so, yielding to a popular sentiment, and to a vague feeling in his own mind that he must not be mean, the loser hands over a considerable sum to the honest finder, who immediately proves his dishonesty by complacently accepting it, and leaving the unfortunate man

to meet the holder of the mortgage the best way he can. Isn't it almost time for the daily press to turn some of its sneers from the givers of small rewards to the receivers of large ones?

—The late Thaddeus Stevens, in one of his last appearances in Congress, announced a visionary scheme of national schools, and proposed, for some inscrutable reason, that there should be written over the door of every school-house this line:

"Pale Death, with equal step, knocks at the poor man's cottage and the gates of kings."

If we remember rightly, this inscription was the salient point of the scheme, and very many remarkable effects were to result from its iteration on so many door-lintels from Maine to California. Thaddeus Stevens has responded to the call of "pallida Mors," his scheme is almost forgotten, and probably the line from Horace will never again be suggested as a golden text for school-boys; but proposals of a nature similar to his, and of a utility scarcely more probable, are constantly appearing. The project of a national university, which should have died a year ago from the unanswerable arguments which President Eliot, of Harvard, brought up against it (arguments then noticed at length in the *JOURNAL*), is again advocated by President White, of Cornell. This gentleman deplores the fact that the funds devoted to collegiate education are now divided among three or four hundred colleges, no one of which is sufficiently endowed, and wishes to see a university at Washington established by the National Government, which shall ultimately concentrate to its support the means now dissipated among so many small institutions.

It is not necessary to argue the question of the advisability of such an institution as President White advocates on any other ground than we assumed in our article of last year *—the ground of government policy, where it must certainly be condemned; but we are doubtful whether the project can be reasonably upheld in any view. The end to be aimed at in education in this country now must, of necessity, be to make knowledge and culture as universal as possible, and to let the production of a special class of extremely cultured and learned men be a secondary though most desirable purpose. If our progress is dependent upon our favorable form of government, and that in its turn is dependent for its existence upon the intelligence of the masses, the attention of education should first be devoted, not to the production of prodigies, but to the increase of the number of well-educated citizens.

The three or four hundred colleges situated in different parts of the country, and bringing the sources of higher education near to the home of the student, have a hundred scholars where the colossal institution proposed by President White would have one, even supposing it should be thronged, as was

once the university at Barcelona. If we may judge by the past, these separate institutions will always find liberal benefactors, and gradually draw to their support an amount of wealth greater by far in the aggregate than any one institution could hope to receive, even if aided by government subsidies.

That money thus distributed among colleges incited to their noblest exertions by a high spirit of right competition, will be better expended in furthering the interests of true education in this way than through a political institution, seems too nearly an axiom to need words of argument.

It is an axiom to every mind over which the full and majestic phrase "a NATIONAL university" has not exercised a malign and lamentable influence.

—There is a widely-prevalent, and in many respects a most natural opinion in this country that it is contrary to the duty of clergymen to engage at all, or use their influence, in politics. Since Christianity first spread over Europe there has hardly been a government in which the clergy had less part than they now take in the affairs of ours; and, while it is to be hoped that the ancient pattern of union of Church and State may never be revived, in a new and truly republican form the coöperation of the clergy may be not only permissible, but, in an important sense, desirable. The old parable of the penny is susceptible of an interpretation not inconsistent with the preaching of a gospel of politics. But it must not be the old and conventional interpretation. Nothing could be more unlike the spirit of Christ's teachings than the kingdom of Cæsar, and to render unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's, in the sense in which this passage has been constantly used in the political preaching of the past, was certainly no part of his religion. But we have no question of a Cæsar in a republic, and to the truly republican doctrine a much higher principle of Christianity applies. One-half of the sum of Christ's teachings is "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Is this any thing but to admit that he is your equal; that he has equal rights with you, to deal with him justly, to make with him impartial laws?—and these things in turn are nothing else than the essence of our form of government.

The other half of the law and the prophets is something entirely foreign to all earthly governments. The duty therein inculcated is for the individual. States should have none of it.

For Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists, or any sect, to endeavor to connect creeds or forms with the state is, of course, not tolerated; for clergymen to hold conventions for the purpose of advocating recognition of God in the Constitution seems worse than foolish; but that there is a reason why clergymen should refrain from the much higher and more important labor of preaching, with regard to the political conduct of the citizen, those principles of elevated teaching and sound moral doctrine which they labor to inculcate in regard to the other relations of life, we do not believe.

Why may not the pastors of all denomina-

tions aid in the real purification of our politics? "To promote justice and restore tranquillity" is surely a part of their calling, and, if they wish to do good work which will show at once marked results, we know of no better or more profitable field than that in which many are already engaged—the preaching of a nobler tone and political morality in the citizen. In this we need sorely every influence for good, and there might be no class more capable than our clergy, if they would work at it in a true spirit, of removing from us the double reproach that our politics are corrupt and our religious teaching barren of fruit.

Literary.

"IF we could analyze carefully," says Mr. R. H. Stoddard, in the preface to the "Anecdote Biographies of Dickens and Thackeray," that forms the second volume of his "Bric-à-brac Series," "the various elements contained in a good biography, and decide which interested us most in the reading, and which we remembered longest after the reading, I think we would discover that it was the element of anecdote. The chief facts in a biography—the general drift of the life of its subject—may impress themselves upon the memory for a time, but that which remains permanently, and which refuses to be forgotten, is something different from these—some incident or incidents in the life in question—a smart saying, a humorous jest, a rapier-thrust of wit—it may be any thing that is salient. We remember somewhat, perhaps, of the life of Lamb, for example; how he went to Christ's Hospital with Coleridge; how he was a clerk in the India House; how he wrote 'Elia,' and so on; what we certainly remember, if we have any feeling, is his going across the fields with his sister Mary to the mad-house, in which it was necessary that she should be confined, and weeping with her as he went; what we can never forget, if we have any sense of humor, are his humorous sayings."

This is the theory on which Mr. Stoddard has based his editing of the volume on Thackeray and Dickens; and it is, on the whole, a true theory, though put with a trifle of extravagance in his somewhat long and slightly-wandering preface. Indeed, he will probably himself admit that the line he draws is an exceedingly fine one, and that Lamb's going to school with Coleridge and taking his position in the India House may be so put as to have quite as much anecdote character as incidents of another sort in his story. Why one portion of a man's life, graphically sketched, should be called an anecdote, as distinct from what may be called "legitimate" biography, and another portion, perhaps not half so characteristic, should be classed under the latter head simply because it happened to be neither humorous nor pathetic, is a difficult question to answer. Anecdotes are biography, and make up the whole of it; and we think Mr. Stoddard's defense of them a little unnecessary, however true.

That he has done his task of editor well, there will be little dispute.

The volume opens with Mr. William B. Reed's valuable and charming paper on his acquaintance with Thackeray in this country. It has been twice printed before—once for private circulation, and once in *Blackwood*—and its use here is permitted by the author. With

* *JOURNAL* of September 30, 1873, "Editor's Table."

regard to the other articles, we quote from Mr. Stoddard's introduction of them: "'Thackeray's Literary Career' is reprinted by permission of Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. from the second series of 'Spare Hours,' by Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, who remarks in a note that the larger and better part of this paper is by his young and accomplished friend, Henry H. Lancaster, advocate. 'Some Recollections of Thackeray,' 'A Friend of my Childhood,' and 'A Child's Glimpse of Thackeray,' are reprinted, by permission, from the pages of *Lippincott's Magazine*. 'Hodder's Recollections of Thackeray' are taken from a volume of 'Memories,' the exact title of which escapes me. The eight short papers that follow— anecdotes, let us say—are taken, with one exception, from 'Thackeray, the Humorist, and the Man of Letters,' by Theodore Taylor, *Membre de la Société des Gens de Lettres* (London, 1864), a collection of Thackerayana, made shortly after Thackeray's death. The exception, 'Personal Appearance of Thackeray,' is extracted from Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's 'Best of All Good Company.' Mr. Shirley Brooks's paper appeared in the *London Illustrated News*; Mr. James Hannay's, in the *Edinburgh Courant*, of which he was the editor; and Mr. Dickens's 'In Memoriam,' in the *Cornhill Magazine*. The 'Obituary Poems' are from several sources. The first appeared in *Punch*; the second in *Fun*; and the third, which was written by Lord Houghton, in the *Cornhill*. The fourth was written by Dr. Thomas W. Parsons, of Boston; the last was written by myself. . . . The greater portion of the anecdotes about Dickens in this volume are derived from 'Charles Dickens, the Story of his Life.' It was published in London not long after his death, and is the work of Mr. Theodore Taylor, whom I have already mentioned, and who was a diligent collector of Dickensana. I have not a very high idea of the class of writers to which he belongs, but they are not without their uses, as Mr. John Timbs, the head of the class, has shown. They preserve many things which would perish but for them; occasionally a jewel may be found among their paste. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's paper is taken from his 'Best of All Good Company,' the paper by Sir Arthur Helps, from *Macmillan's Magazine*, and 'Reminiscences of Dickens,' from the *Englishwoman's Magazine*. The first of the obituary poems, 'Charles Dickens,' appeared in *Punch*. 'Dickens at Gad's Hill' was written by Mr. Charles Kent, and published, I believe, in the *Athenaeum*. 'Dickens in Camp' was written by Mr. Bret Harte; 'At Gad's Hill' was written by myself."

An article, by the late Lady Amberley, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, on "Foundling Hospitals in Italy,"* is preceded by a notice of the gifted and remarkable writer, whose recent death deprived the cause of true philanthropy (as well as that of literature) of most valuable and well-directed service. From this short notice we repeat the more interesting portion: "Those whose rare privilege it was to enjoy the happiness of her intimate acquaintance and friendship alone know how much has been lost to all the highest interests of humanity in the early death of her whose loss to them personally is altogether overwhelming and irreparable."

"Her intense sympathy with every form of suffering was of the true kind, which spares not itself, and will never be deterred from fearlessly seeking a remedy; while at the same

time her active, unclouded intellect would allow her to find comfort in none of the many short-sighted schemes of benevolence. With sad unwillingness, she was compelled to trust to the growth of right feeling, and the slow advance of thought and knowledge; and to this great end she was ready to make every sacrifice. Her power of inspiring others to their best efforts was very great; and she had practical plans for the advancement of science and education, to which she had resolved to give her own life and all the material aid she could command."

The friend who is the author of this brief tribute to her memory (Mr. Douglas A. Spalding) will find that his just words are sure of hearty confirmation from the many in this country who had an opportunity to learn Lady Amberley's earnest and sterling qualities during her comparatively recent visit to America.

"Braithwaite's Retrospect of Practical Medicine and Surgery" is so well and favorably known to the professional reader, that the mere mention of it would be sufficient praise, were it not that there is a large and constantly-increasing class of non-professional readers to whom such a work is interesting, containing as it does a retrospective view of every discovery and practical improvement in the medical sciences.

The number before us (Part LXIX., July, 1874) is particularly rich in valuable articles. Among these may be mentioned several papers on Eschsch's method of preventing the loss of blood during surgical operations, by means of compression by the elastic bandage, which will be read with great interest, as this subject is one about which there is considerable discussion at present, some of the admirers of this method claiming for it a rank second only to that held by anesthesia, while by others it has been condemned, on account of several accidents which have followed its use.

A series of articles, by Sir James Paget, on "The Nervous Mimicry of Diseases of the Spine," "The Nervous Mimicry of Diseases of Joints," and "The Nervous Mimicry of Tumors," are valuable additions to the scanty literature upon these perplexing subjects.

The paper on the employment of stimulants in the treatment of fevers, by Dr. Peacock, is a very judicious one, and, coming from such an authority, is particularly valuable, and the same may be said of Professor Behier's remarks on the use of cold baths in typhoid fever.

The above are only a few of the many excellent articles in which this number abounds, but they will serve to show that it is fully equal to its predecessors, and that "Braithwaite" still maintains its reputation as the best digest of medical news in this country or abroad.

"The Mill Memorial Fund," says the *London Athenaeum*, "is nominally closed; but, as most of the money will have to lie at the bankers for some time, awaiting the completion of the bronze statue on which Mr. Foley is engaged, it is open to any who desire to forward subscriptions to the treasurers. Of the amount, which is less than might have been expected, the chief portion will be absorbed by the cost of the statue, and, without considerable additions, there will not be enough left to provide for the scholarship or scholarships, open on equal terms to men and women, which many were anxious to establish in furtherance of an object in which Mr. Mill was especially interested. Some of the money subscribed was forwarded for this specific object, and, if there is not sufficient to complete the scholarship fund, the contributors will have to be consulted as to its disposal. It has been suggested that a replica of the portrait of Mr. Mill, painted by Mr. Watts, should be purchased

with the residue of the money, and presented to the National Portrait Gallery. We may add that Mr. Foley's statue will probably be placed in a spot, approved by the sculptor, near the Temple end of the Thames embankment."

"A magnificent edition of the late Mr. Sheridan Knowles's works," says the *Athenaeum*, "has been printed for private circulation at the expense of Mr. James McHenry. It consists of his 'Dramatic Works,' in two volumes; his 'Tales and Novellettes,' in one volume; 'Lectures on Dramatic Literature,' one volume; 'Lectures on Oratory,' one volume; and 'Life,' by his son, Richard Brinsley Knowles, one volume. Some of the pieces here reprinted are scarce, and some are now printed for the first time. These six volumes are in 4to, on fine paper, revised and edited by Francis Harvey, to the number of only twenty-five copies."

Dean Stanley, in his address at Cheshunt College on June 26, 1874, published in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, quoted something from one of Scott's novels, "which," said he, "I trust are read as among the best part of the theological reading of the students of Cheshunt College. They cannot have sounder maxims on all ecclesiastical subjects than they will get from Sir Walter Scott's novels."

"A new university," says the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, "is to be established in Austria. Four towns are talked of as the site: Brünn, Olmütz, Salzburg, and Csernowitz. The Greek Metropolitan has offered a considerable sum for its endowment if the university be established at the latter place."

Fine Arts.

THE *Saturday Review* has a sharp article on a certain superficial type of criticism that has become the stock-in-trade of a class of modern young men—more especially those who fondly believe themselves to have a strong æsthetic sense, and to be capable of art-judgment of a sort unknown to their fathers. Thus it says: "The most irritating section of the intellectual school consists, perhaps, of those who are judges of pictures, and, taking the technical terms of painting and music, with neither of which arts probably they have more than a superficial acquaintance, mix them together into a new and horrible jargon. Following the unpleasant fashion set them, it must be allowed, by some to whom they may rightly look up, they describe pictures as symphonies in green, harmonies in white, and *notturnos* in all sorts of colors. Their delight in this new method of expression leads them to carry it further, it may be hoped, than its originators intended. They will beg you to admire the tremulous tones of an atmosphere, the swell of a foreground, or the diapason of scarlet in a sunset. They discourse learnedly of ascending and descending scales of color, of melodious passages running through the middle distance, of the phrasing of a picture, and of the key in which it is set. When they wish to praise a painter, they say that he has a fine eye for harmony. It has not yet, we believe, come to pass that those who more particularly affect musical knowledge speak of a composer's possessing a fine ear for color. It would be no more ridiculous, however, to hear of the middle distance and *morbidity* of a quartet than of those things which we have mentioned above, and of others like them. The extraordinary fluency and extraordinary unintelligibility of these philosophers' disquisitions remind one of the nonsense rhyme concerning the old man who 'walked by the Trent, and talked to himself as he went; but so loud and so much, and moreover in Dutch, that no one could tell what he meant.' After listening to them for some time one is inclined to doubt whether the universal spread of art, or rather

* In our "Miscellany" of next week we hope to lay before our readers the more striking parts of this very noteworthy article.

of a superficial acquaintance with art, is an unmixed blessing. They are so well contented with themselves, so thoroughly convinced that the words which they speak are the words of wisdom, that there seems no hope of their ever straying from the paths which they have made peculiarly their own. 'Shop' of all kinds is apt to be tiresome even when talked by those who are well versed in their subject; when talked by those who are not so well versed, its weariness assumes gigantic proportions. It is an old and true saying that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Certainly a little knowledge in the matter of art is a dangerous thing for the friends and acquaintances of those who possess it."

In view of the recent proposals for the establishment of some really great and worthy art-collections for public use in this country, a document recently published in England is worth studying. From the English journals we gather synopses of the report recently made of the aggregate cost to the nation of the South Kensington Museum, including administration, buildings, maintenance, objects for exhibition in London, and loan-collections for country circulation, from the commencement of the museum to the end of the financial year 1873-'74.

The report also has returns of the cost of all purchases, classified according to the nature of the objects, and of the cost of the loan or circulating collection, and of the objects which are retained permanently for exhibition at South Kensington.

The following are among the most noticeable items:

1. Total cost to the nation of the museum, including administration, etc., etc., building, objects, etc., to March 31, 1874, £1,191,709 17s. 4d.
2. Cost of purchases: sculpture, marble, stone, terra-cotta, original casts in wax, stucco, etc., £19,857 11s. 6d.; carvings in ivory, bone, horn, £18,435 8s. 6d.; woodwork (carvings, furniture, frames, marquetry, lacquer, etc.), £24,659 11s. 4d.; metal-work (iron, steel, copper, lead, bronze, etc.), £17,896 12s. 11d.; coins, medals, medallions, and embossed plaques, £1,907 17s. 11d.; arms and armor, £3,095 15s. 4d.; silversmith's work (with ecclesiastical work, not enameled), £13,374 5s. 3d.; jewelry and goldsmith's work (personal ornaments, gems, carvings in crystal, shell, amber, coral, etc.), £15,995 10s. 6d.; enamels on metal, £17,017 6s. 2d.; earthen-ware and stone-ware, £22,796 18s. 11d.; porcelain, £6,898 3s. 11d.; glass vessels, etc., £4,990 2s. 8d.; textiles, including embroidery, £6,663 9s. 8d.; musical instruments, £3,802 15s.; paintings in oil, copies of ornament in tempera, etc., £4,709 7d.; water-color and other drawings, miniatures, illuminations, etc., £4,806 13s. 3d.; Meymar collection of Arabian art, etc., £2,361; other items raise the purchases to a total of £194,799 18s. 2d. Reproductions: plaster casts, electrotypes, fictile ivories, £30,220 18s. 1d.; art-library, £38,642 6s. 11d.

The London *Academy* says: "The Italian Government have recently given a warning to the German Archaeological Society in Rome that may perhaps restrain other societies, as well as private archaeologists and tourists, from infringement of a law which has hitherto been somewhat disregarded, but which it seems it is now determined to put in force under severe penalties. The law relates to the abstraction of works of art and antiquity from Italian soil, and the Italian minister has just reminded the German ambassador that the edict of Cardinal

Pacca, of April 7, 1820, forbidding the removal of such works, except under proper authorization, is still in full force, and will be rigorously insisted upon. The Italian minister especially desires that the directors of German museums shall be informed of this, and calls attention to the commission formed under the papacy to regulate such matters, which is still in power. In cases in which the government does not wish to buy the objects of art submitted to its inspection, extradition may be authorized by the sovereign on the payment of a certain fixed duty. All antique sculptures, mosaics, blocks of antique marble, and pictures of the old schools, are subject to this tax, and can only be bought by foreigners to be taken out of Italy under these prescribed conditions."

A London paper contains a long letter on the subject of the Brunswick onyx vase (of which a description appeared several months ago in the *JOURNAL*). From the information contained in this letter we make the following interesting extracts referring to its later history: "Like many other fugitives of note, the Mantuan onyx remained in London till 1814, when it returned to Brunswick with the long-exiled princes of the duchy. For a time it seemed as if nothing more could now threaten the peaceful rest of the wanderer; but, in 1830, when the reigning Duke Charles heard his people clamoring for his downfall, and saw his palace in flames, he bethought him of his Mantuan treasure before he sought safety in flight; and, having sent a confidential friend to remove it from the ducal museum, he carried it away with him. Thenceforth nothing was known of it. No one ever saw it during the lifetime of the eccentric Diamond Duke; and, when the city of Geneva, in conformity with his testamentary wishes, claimed as his universal residuary legatee all his works of art, a fruitless search was made for the long-vanished onyx vase. At length, after oft-repeated examination of the ducal treasures, it was noticed that a shred of flannel protruded from the base of a metallic vase which appeared to be of very little value. On a closer inspection this vase was found to be split lengthways, and to be excessively heavy when compared with another vase of identical form and external appearance with which it seemed to form a pair. On separating the split surfaces the onyx came to view perfectly intact and uninjured, and thus the mystery of its supposed disappearance was at once explained. Geneva art-lovers were overjoyed at the discovery, but their hopes of calling the peerless beauty their own were shattered by the claim set up by the reigning Duke of Brunswick for the Mantuan onyx as an inalienable heirloom of his family; and now, after a second separation of thirty-four years, the gem is restored to the ducal museum of Brunswick. Since its unexpected resurrection, various drawings and photographs have appeared of it in Germany, and, among these, the best is a water-color sketch by Professor A. Gnauth, which gives a very correct representation of the figures with which it is decorated."

"The French Government," says an English journal, "have determined to raise a monument in Switzerland, not far from the French frontier, to commemorate the fraternal conduct of the Swiss toward the French army during the late war. The design for this monument consists of a pedestal in red granite, mounted on a base of granite four metres in height. Round the frieze of the pedestal are twenty-two escutcheons, on which are represented the arms of the twenty-two Swiss cantons. On the front side of the pedestal the words are engraved:

1870-1871.

'A la République helvétique
'La République française reconnaissante.'

while to the right and left are two groups in bronze, representing, the one 'The Arrival,' in which a French soldier, worn out with cold, hunger, and fatigue, falls fainting into the arms of a compassionate Swiss peasant and peasant-woman; and the other, 'The Departure,' wherein we see the same soldier, restored by kindness, bidding a grateful farewell to his generous hosts. The principal

group on the top of the pedestal is to be of marble, and has for its subject 'Exhausted France confiding her Children to Switzerland.'"

The prize of Rome is this year offered to the young sculptors of the School of Fine Arts, for the best illustration of the following subject: "Orpheus, to bewail the death of Eurydice, takes refuge in the deepest and most inaccessible solitudes." Ten competitors have endeavored to express in their sculptures the poetic and elevated sentiment of the grief of Orpheus, the son of Apollo and Calliope, but of these three only have treated the subject in a satisfactory manner: No. 7 represents the husband of Eurydice in an upright posture, with his head thrown backward and his right arm raised to the level of his shoulder. This beautifully-proportioned statue is remarkable for pathetic expression and real distinction. No. 5 represents Orpheus seated, bent forward, his hands crossed and resting upon the lyre placed between his legs. This figure, vigorously executed, indicates sorrow and suffering, both by the posture and the expression of its countenance. No. 1 is perhaps the best-modeled statue of the three, expressive both of vigor and delicacy, and admirably rendered, but, unfortunately, it does not seem to have any connection with the subject of Orpheus given for competition.

A correspondent of the *Augsburger Zeitung* writes from Athens, on June 25th, that the Turkish Government has taken possession of Dr. Schlieemann's house at Athens, and, not being able to find the so-called "treasure of Priam," has laid an embargo on everything it could find, including the Metope with the Helios, and a bedstead valued at five thousand francs. Dr. Schlieemann still hopes to get the decision of the Areopagus, by which the antiquities found at Hissarlik were declared to be the property of the Turkish Government, rescinded.

In consequence of the report of the Commission of the Fine Arts, the picture of Rubens, representing the assumption of the Virgin, has been taken down from the high altar of Notre-Dame, at Antwerp, to be subjected to a close examination of its state of preservation.

Music and the Drama.

Boucicault's Latest.

FROM time to time, for a number of years, we have heard much discussion of the long-expected national school of American dramas, and numerous playwrights have come forward to claim the honors of inaugurating an intellectual movement in this direction. We regret to say, however, that these movements, for the most part, have been rather of decadence than progress. Mr. Bronson Howard gives the public a "Saratoga," and smilingly claims the name of a public benefactor. Mr. Augustin Daly offers us "Divorce," and similar plays, and demands the credit of having produced dramas which are peculiarly characteristic in their reflection of American life and manners. Mr. Charles Gayler grinds out in an old-fashioned mill, whose machinery is modeled after the Bowery fashion, a great grist of crude dramas, Irish character pieces, and "minstrel" extravaganzas, designed to give a field for graduated artists from the "burnt-cork" school, and says that he is the American playwright. Mr. Bartley Campbell, hailing from the ambitious West, insults the public with the ineffable trash of "Peril," *et id genus omne*, and announces from the footlights, in response to the sarcastic applause of the audience, that he has devoted his talents to the regeneration of the American stage. Lastly comes Mr. Boucicault, a dramatist, without question, of princely gifts and surpassing experience, and tells America with a flourish of trumpets that she need no longer despair. He has taken the matter in hand, and will ac-

comply the long-delayed and difficult task in the twinkling of an eye. To this end he contributes the drama of "Belle Lamar," a play founded on incidents of the late war.

We do not wish at present to discuss the question of a national American drama in its general bearings, but simply to offer some considerations prompted by this latest pretense of one capable of infinitely better things. If Mr. Boucicault's intellectual conscience bore any equal relation to his very remarkable abilities, even his foreign birth and prejudices would not be an insuperable barrier to his offering of valuable tributes on the altar of what may be almost regarded as his adopted country in an art-sense. Nowhere has he been received with greater cordiality and welcome; nowhere his abilities more warmly recognized.

His wish to dedicate his powers to the furtherance of the American drama is assuredly creditable. His actual effort, however, is neither flattering to himself nor indicative of the sincerity of that purpose with which, he would have us believe, he has been animated. In one sense only is the new play an "American drama." Its location and the habitat of its characters are American. In all the fine and subtle characterization of American thought and manners, in the characteristic atmosphere of sentiment, the play of "Belle Lamar" is as little entitled to that which it promised as "Jessie Brown, or the Siege of Lucknow," was to be called a characteristic expression of English life and thought. We have had scores of such military, romantic dramas before, based on episodes of the American Revolution, without the authors' venturing to call them examples of a national school of art. All such productions are to be classified under the same head, no matter what the location in time and place may be. The slight tinge of national coloring is a very impertinent sop to throw to Cerberus.

In a genuine art-sense, that is only entitled to be called a happy illustration of national drama which paints alike with vividness and delicacy the peculiar features of thought, manner, feeling, and social tendencies, which distinguish us from other peoples. It is for this reason that thoughtful critics have been asking for a school of American comedy as the lacking agency in dramatic reform. It is for this reason, also, that Mr. Boucicault's latest venture, regarded as an experiment in the task of constructing the truly national play, is not merely a failure, but, in view of the author's intelligence, a deception.

Aside from the question of classification, it is impossible to recognize the new play as being on a level with Boucicault's best powers. Perhaps this acute dealer in intellectual wares draws a distinction, in a commercial sense, between the play ordered by a star and that where pecuniary returns hinge on the intrinsic merit of the work. No one has a more shrewd and far-sighted perception of the tricks and turnings of the market than the great Irish playwright.

Be this as it may, we have no right to measure probable motives, but only to criticize results. There is a familiar verse, "*parturiunt montes*," etc. We do not wish to call Boucicault's play a mouse, any more than we would flatter him with the dignity of the mountain. It is not unjust, however, to say, in plain and simple words, that "Belle Lamar" is quite unworthy of the author of "Colleen Bawn," "Arrah Na Pogue," and "London Assurance," as well as of the skillful adaptation of "La Tentation."

Without entering into details of the plot, which has been so fully described in the daily

journals, we may briefly state that the essential interest of the story hinges on the course of the Southern wife of a Northern army-officer, who allows the duties of wifehood to succumb to her political sympathies; her subsequent despair and misery under the torture of a deep-seated love, which awakes from the drugged condition imposed by bitter partisan feeling; her devotion to the Confederate cause as a spy and bearer of dispatches; her capture by her *quondam* and still-beloved husband, and sentence to death only averted by the compassion of the court-martial; her final conversion to the duties of wifehood by a passionate reawakening of her old love and full recognition of her husband's nobility of nature. With this motive is involved that of a Union officer, who, deeply in love with the fair rebel before he knows her to be the wife of his brother-in-arms, is induced by her to betray military secrets, which enable *Stonewall Jackson* to surround the Union troops, a fault afterward expiated by his escape from the prison where he had been placed by his outraged superiors, and success in getting news to *General Fremont*, who comes up in time to release *Colonel Bligh*, the hero of the play, from his desperate position. *General Stonewall Jackson* plays an important though not lengthy part in the story, and almost serves as the *Deus ex machina* to unravel the plot. An Irish corporal and an Irish female servant of *Colonel Bligh* furnish the comic elements of the story. Without these we should hardly recognize Boucicault. *Ex pede Herculem*. The play has an abundant padding of military effects, devised with the author's consummate skill, and a very clear introduction of the musical element.

It is needless to say that the construction of the play is skillful and effective, and that Boucicault's great command over mechanical effects is fully exhibited. The dialogue is crisp, bright, and apt to the dramatic intention, and the general interest of the story very well sustained. In all the greater elements of a drama, "Belle Lamar" is wanting; in mere excellences of form and manufacture there is present every thing to be desired. These latter, indeed, are such as to prompt the remark that a poor play of Boucicault is better than the best of most of the playwrights that cater for the American stage.

The part of *Philip Bligh* was written for Mr. John McCullough, but, though not deficient in strength and capacity for emotional exhibition, it is hardly weighty enough for a great "starring" rôle. Mr. McCullough throws into the part the earnestness and vigor with which he devotes himself to all dramatic work, and, if he fails to produce any startling results, the fault rests with his author as much as himself. We do not think that *Philip Bligh* will be one of the rungs in the ladder on which the Californian tragedian is toiling toward fame. Miss Rogers Randolph, as the wayward heroine, played with much sweetness, grace, and sympathy; and Mr. Mackay, as the representative of *Stonewall Jackson*, presented us with one of those admirable "make-ups" which in itself is a stroke of genius.

Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer gave the play a superb setting, and worthily inaugurated a promising dramatic season by the care and finish with which they did their share of the work.

Among the many distinguished artists, about whom false rumors have been going the rounds of the newspapers without the slightest foundation, Mr. Sims Reeves, the great national English tenor, has been not the least per-

ceived. This gentleman, in many respects, stands peerless and unrivaled in the perfection of his art and the beauty of his voice. Though for many years he has mostly devoted himself to oratorio and concert-singing, he is recognized by *cognoscenti* as perhaps the only living rival of such names as Rubini and Duprez, now that Mario has passed into a tomb more lamentable than that of death. Of late, reports have been current that Mr. Reeves had determined to retire from professional life.

It is with great pleasure that we announce directly, at Mr. Reeves's own request, that this rumor has no ground in fact, and that his voice has never been in more perfect condition than at the present time. There is no foreign artist whom the American public has a greater desire to hear than this admirable singer. There is no one whom American managers have sought with more pertinacity to persuade to come to America, and no one who has so persistently refused.

It is therefore with gratification that we make the announcement, by direct authorization, that Mr. Sims Reeves has concluded to make the long-deferred trip. He has made arrangements to come to America in August, 1875, for an extended concert tour through the country. This announcement cannot fail to be of great interest to the lovers of music in America. Further details of Mr. Reeves's plans we hope to publish shortly.

Sutherland Edwards, in his recent book on "The Germans in France," tells the following pleasant anecdote of the armed propagation of the Wagner idea: "The morning after my arrival in Rouen, I was awakened by the sound of such music as under ordinary circumstances would never have been heard in France. A selection from 'Lohengrin' was being played by the band of an East Prussian regiment just in front of the hotel. Here, then, was conquest symbolized in music. Nothing but a successful invasion could have brought Richard Wagner to the native city of Bolderue; beneath whose statue the unfamiliar sounds were, at that moment, being produced. The sarcasm, however, met with very little notice from the inhabitants. Street-boys, whose curiosity and love of novelty are stronger everywhere than their patriotism, held the music-sheets for their enemies; but the adult passers-by paid no more attention to the doubtful strains than did the orchestral dog who had dragged the big drum after him, from somewhere near Königsberg, to the capital of Normandy, and who now, like a dog that had seen the world, lay down on the pavement, and calmly slept without once disturbing the general effect of the music by the unexpected *rinforzando* of a snore. It was freezing hard, and the brass instruments, pinched by the cold, were terribly hoarse. What, however, was the frost to East Prussians?—one of whom, when a shivering Frenchman complained that the thermometer marked ten degrees below freezing-point, is said to have replied: 'Ten degrees? Why, in East Prussia, at ten degrees, it thaws.'"

The demand made by Sir Michael Costa, said to be made a condition of his acceptance of a re-engagement at the Royal Italian Opera in London, that the pitch shall again be raised to the old standard from the normal diapason, is freely resisted by the prima donnas. Christine Nilsson has also sent in her ultimatum, but the indications are that the great orchestral leader will have his own way. Madame Adeline Patti (who, a short time since, gave one hundred pounds for a new wind instrument, so that the French pitch should be used at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden), and hundreds of the most eminent singers, strongly approve of the lower pitch, which is fast gaining ground all over the world. Sir Michael Costa is opposed to *le diapason normal* simply because it spoils the brilliant effects of his splendid band; but that goes for nothing when the French pitch has the undoubted result of greatly benefiting the voices.

Mme. Patti will return to England from Dieppe on September 20th for the Liverpool Festival, and four provincial concerts. On the 31st of October she makes her *reentrée* at Moscow, and on the 7th of December at St. Petersburg, where she will remain till the end of the season, March 7th. On the 15th of March she makes her appearance at Vienna, where she remains till May 3d, returning to England for Covent Garden on May 10th.

Science and Invention.

A recent meeting of the Scottish Meteorological Society, an interesting and suggestive paper was presented by its authors, Dr. Arthur Mitchell and Mr. Alexander Buchan. The subject of the communication was "The Relation between Mortality and the Seasons of the Year." Although the observations here recorded were made in England and Australia, many of the conclusions are of a general character, and merit attention. We condense from the report as follows: The main basis for calculation was the weekly average death-rate of London for the past thirty years, together with the averages of temperature, moisture, rain, etc. The number of diseases of which account was made was thirty one. The weekly mortality from all causes, and at all ages, advances from the middle of November to the middle of April, from which it falls to a minimum in the end of May, then slowly rises till the third week in July, when it advances rapidly to the maximum of the year; after the second week in August it again falls rapidly till the second minimum is reached in October. So far as relates to the period of maximum mortality, the results appear the same in London as in New York, and the causes are evidently similar, as appears from the fact well known to our health officers that this increase of deaths is limited to that of children under five years of age. It is furthermore stated that in London, as in New York, these deaths are mainly from one class of diseases—bowel-complaints. Deducting the deaths from this class, and the curve indicating the average weekly mortality assumes a simple form—an excess in the cold months, and a deficiency in the warm months—a result due to the large number of deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs. Hence it may be assumed that, excluding the deaths of children from bowel-complaints, the mortality of London bears an inverse relation to the temperature, rising as the temperature falls, and the reverse. On the other hand, in Victoria, Australia, the curves of mortality and temperature are directly related to each other, rising and falling together. Passing from general to specific observations, it is found that the maximum mortality from the different diseases group around certain specific conditions of temperature and moisture combined. As regards the principal diseases, this is illustrated by the following table:

Character of Weather.	Maximum Mortality.
Cold.	Bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, etc.
Cold and dry.	Brain-disease, convulsions, whooping-cough.
Warm and dry.	Suicides, small-pox.
Warm and moist.	Diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera.
Cold and moist.	Rheumatism, heart-disease, diphtheria, scarlatina, measles, croup.

The classification of suicides in the list of diseases, and the assignment to it of warm and dry weather, is a fact of especial interest, in view of the table published in present "Notes." Without continuing this review further, we

can but regard the labors of Messrs. Mitchell and Buchan as of great value, and the methods adopted by them seem to be in accord with reason, and in a line that may well be followed by observers at home.

The increasing ravages caused by the *phylloxera* have thrown the vine-growers of France into consternation. In the south of France all the efforts made to arrest the progress of those dreaded insects have proved unavailing, and the vineyards of that region are totally destroyed. This summer, extending its basis of operations, it has traversed the departments of Hérault, Var, and Ardeche, and is now reported as advancing through the department of the Rhône, and committing great ravages in the vicinity of Lyons. The vine-growers of Burgundy are directly threatened by the line of invasion, and are at their wits' end how to ward off the threatened calamity. The *phylloxera* has two forms of existence: one as a grub, or apter, attacking the roots of vines, which, under such action, speedily wither and decay; the other as a winged insect, bent on the propagation and distribution of its species. The members of the Academy of Sciences sent to study the evil and discover its remedy, have strongly recommended the Burgundy vine-growers—1. To submerge their vine-roots, and drown the grub, as recommended by M. Facon. 2. To protect the vine-roots with layers of fine sand, which clog the movements of the grub, and finally smother it. 3. In the event of water and sand both failing, the vine-roots to be protected by layers of sulphur of carbon. This latter plan, although the most efficacious, is the last recommended, because, unless used in the most judicious manner, it kills the vine as well as the *phylloxera*. The members of the French Academy of Sciences, moved by the prospect of the ruin of one of the chief national industries, have appointed a committee to reside in the vine-growing districts now threatened, and superintend the efforts made to destroy the grubs.

The editor of the *Manufacturer and Builder*, in a well-timed article on "Magnetic Humbugs and Human Credulity," gives expression to certain views regarding the claims of so-called spiritualism, clairvoyance, etc., which we heartily indorse. As our readers are aware, we have from the first treated this subject rather in a spirit of pity than blame, regretting rather than condemning the departure of Wallace and others from the plain paths of demonstrable truth. The comments to which we have referred are as follows: "Inexplicable as it may appear to any mentally sane and unprejudiced person, there are actually persons who believe in the reality of such manifestations, and we can testify that we personally know some who, though sane when speaking on any other topic, when the subjects of spiritualism, clairvoyance, mesmerism, animal magnetism, psychology, etc., are discussed, their usual auteness, their sound judgment, leave them, and they reason according to unsound principles, which they actually discard and condemn when reasoning on any other subject. It is a deplorable fact that there is so great a scarcity of men who are sane in all respects. Most men are insane in some special point; some men in more than one; that means, however just their reasoning may be in all other respects, there is always a certain subject in which they discard their otherwise natural and acute judgment. In some men the subject of insanity, that is, in which they do not use their reason, is religion; in others it is politics, in others love-

matters, in others money-matters, in others the education of their children; others again are made the dupes of trickery by mediums, clairvoyants, etc., and these perhaps are the worst, as they are the most unwilling to be cured of their fatal delusions."

No country in the world perhaps presents more striking proofs of the evil of excessive forest-clearing than the khanate of Bokhara. Thirty years ago the khanate was well wooded and watered, and regarded by Central Asians as a sort of terrestrial paradise. About twenty-five years ago the mania of forest-clearing was begun, and continued until the heavy timber had entirely disappeared. What the improvidence and ignorance of the rulers spared, was utterly consumed by the fury of civil war. Immense tracts of land once well peopled and cultivated, deprived of fertilizing moisture, are now barren, treeless wastes. The water-courses being dried up, the system of canals, which spread like a net-work over the khanate, has been rendered useless. The moving sands of the desert, no longer restrained by the forest-barriers, are slowly advancing, filling up canals and dried water-courses, and will continue their noiseless and ceaseless invasion until the whole khanate will be converted into a dreary waste as barren as the wilderness separating it from Khiva. It is improbable that the khan possesses either the energy or the means necessary for averting the desolation with which his territories are threatened.

When a sheet of paper is immersed in an ammoniacal solution of copper and then dried, it is said to become quite impermeable to water, and does not lose this quality even although the water be boiling. Two sheets of paper thus prepared and passed through a cylinder adhere to each other so completely as to be quite inseparable. If a large number of sheets so prepared be cylindered together, boards of great thickness are obtained, the cohesion and resistance of which may be increased by interposing fibrous matters or cloths. The substance so prepared is quite as hard as the closest-grained wood of the same thickness. The ammoniacal solution of copper is prepared by treating plates of copper with ammonia of the density of 0.880 in contact with the atmosphere.

A scientific expedition has been organized in Germany for the purpose of penetrating into the interior of Africa by the river Congo. In the interior an old Dutch factory has been secured for the members of this expedition, in which they will remain during the rainy season, and which will naturally assist them in keeping open their communications with the seaboard. When the rainy season ends, the party will at once proceed, under good escort, to the region of the cataracts, which no European traveler has yet explored, and the only knowledge of which at present reposes upon the marvelous stories of native Africans.

The following receipt may merit a trial in the West. It is recommended as a preventive against the potato-disease: "Dissolve two pounds of lime in five quarts of water, adding two pounds of flower of sulphur. When the dissolution is complete stir the whole, and pour over about forty pounds of seed-potatoes, taking care that the potatoes are thoroughly saturated. This mixture is regarded as an infallible preventive against potato-disease, and has, for the last six years, been extensively used throughout France.

Contemporary Sayings.

"WHEN the world is full of ecclesiastical controversies," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with a slight irritability easy to understand, "and when every jot and tittle may contain some mystery which does not appear at first sight, it is well to be accurate in the minutest statement of facts." 'Quamobrem' writes to the *Times* to know 'by what authority the heading of the Calendar of New Lessons in the Prayer-Book has been changed from plain Morning and Evening into Mattins and Evensong.' By 'plain Morning and Evening,' 'Quamobrem' most likely means 'Morning and Evening Prayer.' But he need not trouble himself to ask for the authority of the change, seeing no change at all has been made. 'The Calendar with the Table of Lessons' was, before the change, headed 'Morning Prayer' and 'Evening Prayer.' It is headed so still; but in the table of 'Lessons proper for Sundays and Holydays,' the heading was 'Mattins' and 'Evensong,' and it remains so still. The authority, not for change, but for the absence of change, we take to be that of the high court of Parliament, from whose act the New Table of Lessons draws its force. But, if 'Quamobrem' should go on further to ask why we should speak of 'Morning and Evening Prayer' on common days, and of 'Mattins' and 'Evensong' on Sundays and holydays, that we may confess to be one of the great matters which are too high for us, and in which we do not care to exercise ourselves."

The *Saturday Review* thus enjoineth its sling at the intellectual youth of the present: "There is a certain class of young men who distinguish themselves by the title of 'intellectual.' They despise the frivolous follies of the day, but it may be doubted whether the so-called earnestness, which is their pride, is in any degree less frivolous, or less the result of a devotion to fashion, than the pursuits of other young men to whom Nature is supposed to have been more parsimonious in the matter of intellect. The two classes follow different kinds of fashion, it is true, but the motives which impel them seem to be much the same. Perhaps if the two were weighed together, the balance would incline to the intellectual class, on the ground that they exhibit more daring in the worship of their goddess. Some knowledge of his subjects is necessary to the young man of fashion; he must be well informed, for instance, upon approaching fashionable engagements, marriages, and divorces. To the intellectual young man no knowledge is necessary, or rather he is far removed from the consideration of so trivial a matter. It is his privilege to discuss the hidden meaning of the most complex *sonnets* without having any ear for music; to talk fearlessly of the secret of the Venetians (which secret was, in fact, that the Venetians knew how to paint) without possessing any eye for color. His special province is to have a keen critical faculty, a nice judgment in all artistic matters, and to exercise it in every direction. His gifts, like those of the great masters whose works he passes in review before him, are the result of direct inspiration. But he is more highly favored than were those masters, in that he finds it unnecessary to cultivate his powers with patience and application."

The *Spectator* says: "The *Saturday Review* has maintained that sick women do not usually wish to be attended by women. An interesting letter in the *Times* lately, signed 'A Surgeon,' seems to make it quite clear that this is a mistake. It tells us that 'in the only hospital in London where women can be attended by female physicians, the influx of patients is so great that, to prevent the work from being altogether too overwhelming to the staff and the resources of the hospital,' it has been necessary both to increase the money-payment and to enlarge the buildings. The truth seems to be that distrust of women-physicians is still keenly felt in the middle and higher classes, but not in the lower classes, where they are very popular."

People have been speculating about the origin of Thackeray's name. One writer asserts it to be a corruption of Tanqueray or Tankere, a Norman name. This is contradicted on the ground that

the *th* sound in the name is English and not Norman-French. Another writer notices the spelling, Thackuray. "Uray" is thought to be allied with the Anglo-Saxon "arcon," to cover, and it is said that Thackeray may be rendered "one who covers with a thatch," so that Thackeray and Thatcher are of common origin, and mean the same thing. "Now," says the *Tribune*, "will somebody of an ingenious turn give us another happy conjecture? The charm of these speculations is that none of them are ever conclusive. One guess is good until somebody makes a better one, and no longer."

An Iowa journal, among our exchanges, very gravely announces of certain ladies who are to have a "boarding-house booth" at a Methodist fair in the town, that they "will be provided with eating accommodations of double the capacity of last year"—in itself a formidable announcement, but by itself conveying no indication that the appetite of the fair booth-tenders extends beyond legitimate articles of food. When we find, however, that the editor feels it necessary to add to the announcement of their increased capacity this warning, "The public is hereby notified of their intentions," we feel that the horrible idea of possible cannibalism has been placed in such a light that the booth in question will be avoided by all but the most reckless citizens.

An English review declares that a French writer recently authorized the reading of a new French novel by a writer of a not over-modest school in these words: "Although the story develops itself on slippery ground, it may be read by Parisian ladies who are already initiated in the strange phases of life by the audacities of contemporary literature."

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

AUGUST 7.—Advices from Spain state that the circular note in relation to the Carlist insurrection, sent to the European powers by Señor Ulloa, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has been published. It charges that the Carlists, under the pretext of defending religion, are guilty of incendiarism, assassination, and pillage; and the massacres of Cuenca and Olot are instanced.

Geneva reports state that Father Hyacinthe has resigned his curacy in that city.

News from Texas state that the Indians have captured two mail-stages between Wichita and Fort Sill. Passengers and drivers killed and scalped.

The English Parliament prorogued by a message from the queen.

AUGUST 8.—Advices from Madrid state that the Republicans have relieved Turuel, and that the Carlist force besieging the city fled.

Reports from Ottawa, Canada, state that great fires are raging in the vicinity of Birchton, Goulbourne, and Huntley. A repetition of the great fires of 1871 is feared.

AUGUST 9.—Advices from Paris state that the French Government has ordered an additional man-of-war to cruise off the mouth of the Bidassoa. Advices from St. Thomas, West Indies, state that the small-pox is raging at Jamaica, and that a severe shock of earthquake has been felt at the Windward Islands.

Citizens of the District of Columbia petition against the ballot.

A severe storm, with immense rainfall, prevailed along the coast of New-England and Middle States. Morning advices report considerable damage.

Great fire at Montreal; Henderson's saw-mill, a steamer, barge, and dredge, destroyed. Loss, \$100,000.

AUGUST 10.—Advices from Spain state that General Dorregaray, Carlist, had resumed the offensive in Navarre, and taken the town of Laguardia, through the treachery of the inhabitants. General Blanco, Republican, with eight battalions and twelve pieces of artillery, is advancing to retake Laguardia. Barcelona is in great alarm at the advance of two thousand Carlists. Advices from London, Paris, and Vienna, represent that a general recognition of the republic of Spain by the leading powers of Europe is probable.

Information received from Fort Laramie that the Arapahoes and Cheyennes are preparing for war, and that many of the Sioux will join them.

Rev. Henry J. Whitehouse, Bishop of the Diocese of Illinois, died in Chicago.

Dispatches from Bombay state that disastrous floods have occurred in the Upper Sind.

AUGUST 11.—Advices of the escape of Marshal Bazaine from St.-Marguerite. Escape probably effected on August 9th.

Austin, Miss., surrounded and attacked by an armed band of negroes.

AUGUST 12.—The negroes dispersed and peace restored at Austin, Miss.

AUGUST 13.—Advices that Great Britain, France, and Germany, have recognized the Spanish Republic.

Notices.

WE CALL THE ATTENTION OF our readers to the advertisement of Zero Refrigerators, on second page. We agree with the assertion of its manufacturer, Mr. Lesley, that it is "the best food and ice keeper in the world," and recommend it to our friends.

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